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Children's Newspaper

The Children's Newspaper

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

The Blue Boy as Gainsborough Left Him
See the New Cover of My Magazine

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£50 FOR COLOURING THE BLUE BOY

LADYBIRD THREATENS AMERICA

FOOD AND FERTILISERS RUINED BY A BEETLE

Army of Destroyers Marching and Flying North

SCIENCE SEARCHING FOR A REMEDY

America is in the throes of a war more bitter than any fight with human foes.

Her battle with the insect pests that are invading her land from all sides grows fiercer and fiercer, and she is undoubtedly fighting with her back to the wall in defence of her homes and people.

"If the insects stopped fighting among themselves," says a famous scientist, "they would wipe us off the face of the earth;" and the recent experiences of America certainly go to support this astounding statement.

The latest menace is the bean ladybird, an oval beetle a third of an inch long that has marched and flown into the United States from Mexico, and appears to be doing for the bean crop what the cotton boll weevil is doing for the cotton crop.

A Dangerous Bandit

The position is really extremely serious. This ladybird is a bandit of the first magnitude, and the future of the bean in the U.S.A. is regarded with the greatest concern. Already entire plantations in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Western Kansas have been destroyed, and the army is still advancing north.

The bean ladybird is not affected by climate. In the pupa stage it hibernates through the winter, and, although it comes from warm Mexico, it can survive temperatures far below freezing point. As soon as the beans are up and flourishing in the fields out of the pupa stage comes the ladybird and begins to feed on the leaves, at the same time laying eggs in large clusters on the undersides, where they and the larvae that hatch out are very difficult to detect.

Tiny Insect's Amazing Gluttony

In this way they multiply amazingly. One farmer in 1919 planted an acre of beans, from which he received a crop that realised nearly £100, and in addition his wife canned sufficient beans for the family for a year. In 1920 the acreage was doubled, but the ladybird arrived that summer, and as a result the total yield was not sufficient for the needs of the farmer's family, and there were, of course, no beans for the market. The pest attacks leaves, stalks, and pods—all fall victims to its amazing gluttony; the plant is left a mere mass of shreds.

The most serious danger, however, is not the loss of the beans as food, but the fact that the plants attacked possess the double agricultural value of supplying food and fodder and of fertilising the soil. Beans are particularly valuable for this latter purpose because their roots take nitrogen from the air, and this is formed into nitrates that enrich the soil. With the bean crop destroyed there will be a shortage of nitrates, and that means the ruin of other crops.

"It is difficult to imagine a pest with a more complete combination of destructive vices," says a scientific expert.

The first bean ladybirds appeared in Arizona from Mexico many years ago, but it is only lately that they have begun to spread so alarmingly. A single female lays as many as two thousand eggs, and these hatch out and develop into adults in less than a month. Then ten days later each of the newly-hatched females herself begins to lay eggs, and so the creatures multiply. The winged insects fly from place to place, and marked specimens have been found to fly five miles in two days.

The United States Government entomologists and scores of other scientists, realising the tremendous menace, are studying the pest and trying to find some way of fighting it effectively, but so far without success. An insect foe of the ladybird is being sought in Mexico, the native home of the pest. There are parasite enemies, but they do not seem to do any really serious harm; and methods of spraying with poison are out of the question on large plantations.

As the bean crop of the United States supplies £20,000,000 worth of food a year for human consumption, besides replacing in the soil the equivalent of about three million tons of nitrates, the seriousness of the danger can be appreciated. Already people are talking of the time when baked beans, hitherto one of America's cheapest foods, will be a dollar a tin.

It seems strange that this ladybird should be almost alone among its kind in feeding on vegetation. With one or two exceptions all the members of the ladybird family are insect feeders, destroying vast numbers of plant lice, scale insects, and other pests.

They are true friends of man, but this bean ladybird is an enemy of the human race of the very worst kind.

The Joy of Spring in the Parks



Despite the cold weather and biting winds with which Spring was ushered in, the parks are showing signs that Winter is past and that Summer will soon be at the door. Children everywhere are feeling the joy of life, like this happy little maiden who was photographed trundling her hoop in Hyde Park

SHAKESPEARE'S LOST PLAYS

HAVE HIS BEST WORKS BEEN DESTROYED?

Boxes of Papers That Vanished in a Fire

SCHOLAR'S STARTLING THEORY

By Our Literary Correspondent

Are the best plays of Shakespeare lost to the world? This is the startling question that is now being discussed in literary circles.

One of the German critics who, with patience and thoroughness, have been studying everything that is known about Shakespeare, and everything he wrote, Dr. Alois Brandl, has written a new Life of the Great Poet, and in it asks the interesting question, Did Shakespeare write, in his last years, plays that were never acted or published, and now are lost for ever?

The Later Plays the Best

It is quite possible that, in his busy early years before he was famous, he wrote plays or parts of plays that have not been preserved, but at that time he was only learning the dramatist's art. A far more important point is whether, after he had succeeded and had retired from London to live in comfort at his birth-place, Stratford-on-Avon, he continued writing quietly.

His greatest plays were written in his later years, the last probably being The Tempest in 1611, when he was 47. In that year he left London for Stratford; but for three years longer he kept in touch with the London theatres, visiting London, and being visited at Stratford by London poets, and he died in 1616 at the age of 52. What was he doing during his last five comparatively quiet years? Did he go on writing?

Dr. Brandl thinks it is most likely that he did, and that at the time of his death he had recently written plays that were never acted. If that were so, it is reasonable to think that these last plays would be the finest of all.

Treasures in a Lumber Room

What became of them? Dr. Brandl says that the poet left two boxes filled with manuscripts and papers; that the boxes were put away in a lumber room; that they were last traced to the house of a Warwick baker, who had married one of Shakespeare's relatives, and there were destroyed in a fire.

It may be that the world lost some of its choicest treasures in that fire. But if the story is true it destroys the very pretty and truthful-sounding fancy that when Shakespeare wrote The Tempest, as his last play, he meant the magician Prospero to represent himself; and when, at the end of the play, Prospero breaks his wand and practises his magic arts no longer, that is meant as a picture, or parable, of the poet laying down his pen and writing no more.

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GOAT THAT WON FAME

How a Railway Company Obtained Its Trade-mark

NEWSBOY WHO BECAME A BUSINESS MAGNATE

The story of the adoption by a great American railway company of a billy-goat as a trade-mark for its line has recently been told. About thirty-five years ago Billy Kenney, a Minneapolis newsboy, bought a billy-goat to carry the Sunday newspapers from the newspaper office to the street corner where they were sold.

After a time the boy saved enough money to give up his newspapers and learn telegraphy. He sold his goat to a rancher living near Midvale, Montana, and finally obtained a post on the Great Northern Railroad. The years went by, and each year saw Billy Kenney rising higher and higher in the company's service, till at last he found himself at the head of the vast organisation.

One day business called him to Montana, and the time-table compelled him to break his journey for an hour or two at Midvale. The name aroused old memories, and he inquired for the rancher to whom many years ago he had sold his goat.

Hunting for an Old Friend

He was told that the rancher was dead, but that a district not far off was full of the goats he had raised. Following up the scent, he finally discovered the flock he was looking for; the leader was the very image of the goat who used to help him drag his little newspaper-cart in Minneapolis.

"There," he said to Mr. Hill, the chairman of the Great Northern Board of Directors, who was with him, "is a grandson of an old friend of mine."

"Splendid!" said Mr. Hill. "This solves a problem that has been worrying me. He shall be our trade-mark."

And now, on the sides of the 30,000 box-cars of the Great Northern Railroad of the United States, is painted in blue and white a figure of Billy Kenney's goat as the trade-mark of the line.

SAVING A KITTEN

Sheffield Man's Kind Action

A Sheffield reader sends us what he calls a kindly incident which he witnessed in the industrial part of the city.

Somehow a little kitten had got into the River Don, and had drifted down until it had clambered out of the water on a wooden pile that was once part of an old bridge.

A crowd on the present bridge watched the little thing while two men waded to get to it, but found the water too deep. Then a man named Kitchen, partly stripped, went down a ladder from the wall of one of the works, made his way up the stream—for he could not reach the kitten direct—crossed by shallower water to the middle of the stream, and finally swam down and brought the kitten out on his shoulder, amid the cheers of the spectators.

THE UNLOCKED DOOR

What the Dog Knew

A Godalming reader reports this story of the ways of a dog.

We had a Skye terrier, Fluffy, who every night accompanied my father when he went to lock up the house.

One night, thinking he had locked the study door, he called Fluffy to go upstairs as usual. Fluffy, however, would not come, but sat by the study door. Thinking something was wrong, my father went back, and found he had not locked the door. When he did so Fluffy at once followed upstairs.

CAMBERWELL BEAUTY IN LONDON

A Crouch End reader says that a Camberwell Beauty butterfly settled in his garden on the afternoon of March 12. It had probably escaped from some naturalist's vivarium.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

The Great Danger that Faces Europe

A NATION GOING BLIND

That we are all members one of another applies to nations as well as to individuals. This is emphasised by a warning from the League of Nations Sanitary Conference, which has been sitting in Poland.

There is an immediate danger to the whole of Europe, this warning says, from the possibility of cholera and typhus fever spreading from the famine districts of Russia. Unless greater efforts are made at once to check these diseases the peril will advance westward, in addition to impeding reconstruction and hampering trade.

There is another terrible epidemic claiming victims by the thousand in the south-east of Europe. This is trachoma, a disease of the eyes which in very many cases causes blindness. Among the Armenians weakness due to scarcity of food has allowed this plague to spread with appalling rapidity.

Out of 30,000 people lately examined, 27,000 were suffering from it. An American oculist says it is probable that the whole Armenian nation of 7,000,000 may actually be blind within the next few years.

UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR

Good News for an Old Society

It is often said unjustly that the only motive that induces rich people to give away large sums is the desire for notoriety.

What do cheap cynics who employ this taunt say to the unknown giver who put down £30,000 to help the Society of Arts to buy its house in London?

In two years' time the society will be celebrating its 170th birthday. It was formed in 1754, and met first at a coffee-house in Covent Garden. It has gone on ever since the day when Dr. Johnson attended its lectures and discussions, giving its members the opportunity to listen to men who have made discoveries and started new theories, and added to the world's knowledge.

Now it has purchased the building in which its meetings have been held for nearly 150 years, thanks to this gift from the member who preferred to keep his name a secret.

BLACKBIRD AND MIRROR

Are Birds Vain?

A reader who lives near a plot of ground where a merry-go-round used at fairs is stored tells us of a blackbird's ways.

There are glass panels in the merry-go-round that reflect images as a looking-glass does.

A blackbird saw its likeness, and dashed against the glass, thinking it was another bird.

For several days he did this, till he discovered his mistake.

Now he comes regularly each morning and stays some time, nodding his head to and fro while he performs his toilet as if admiring himself. Can it be that he is vain?

PUPPIES REARED BY A CAT

A Great-Grandfather's Story

A Birmingham reader sends us a quotation from a letter written by her great-grandfather to her father when her father was a boy, the date being 1886.

The four little puppies you would like to hear of were a very small sort, full of fun and life. They had lost their mother and were nursed by a cat.

The little rascals were disposed to be troublesome to their more than natural mother by sporting with her tail and biting her ears. Puss bore this with becoming dignity and patience, but frequently a proper pat on the side of the head with her paw made some of the little rogues wince a bit.

A MOUNTAIN CRACKING

Valley Threatened with Extinction

STRANGE RESULT OF THE DROUGHT

An alarming statement has been made to the inhabitants of a valley in Monmouthshire.

In it is a reservoir which for some time past has been affected by mysterious movements of the soil. Now it has been discovered that the mountain sides are cracking. They threaten to fall into the Cwmtillery Valley and block it up.

The cracks were caused, it seems probable, by the drought. Rain water poured into them and saturated the soil, so that it ceased to be solid and began to slip downwards.

It does not appear that anything can be done to prevent the movement that is taking place, a movement on a small scale resembling those that have changed the face of the earth in times past.

Weather and water have been the chief agents in the formation of the world as we know it, and they are at work still.

BRAVE ISLANDERS IN LONDON

Grace Darling's Successors Come to Town

The fisherfolk of Holy Island, off Northumberland, who, as the C.N. told at the time, launched their lifeboat with great difficulty on a wild January night and rescued the crew of a trawler, were invited to London to receive medals for their bravery and to be thanked by a Cabinet Minister.

What they did certainly deserved praise. It was snowing and blowing hard when the flare which told of the trawler's peril was seen by the people of the village from which Grace Darling came. They had a great tradition to keep up, so out they turned, women as well as men, and struggled to the beach.

It took the efforts of sixty of them to get the lifeboat into the water. Women waded out waist-deep, and pushed with all their might. At last the lifeboat was afloat.

Now the men in her had a long pull to the rocks on which the trawler had run aground. It was not until after midnight that they managed to get near enough to take off the nine men whose lives were in danger.

No finer deed has ever been done by the lifeboatmen of any land.

DISCOVERING NATURE'S SECRETS

Students Explore a Cave in a Cliff

High up on the face of the cliff that walls in the gorge of the River Avon at Bristol is a cave. Sheer down the cliff goes to the water, a drop of 250 feet.

What was the nature of the cave? The question was discussed by students of Bristol University, and a party was made up to explore it. Several young men and a girl volunteered to make the descent, tied to a rope.

They were lowered over the top of the cliff and searched the cave thoroughly. They found stalactite formations, a grotto, and a coral pool. Then they were pulled up, and were not sorry to be on solid ground again after hanging dizzily in mid air.

They took the risk because they were anxious to add to their knowledge.

That is how our knowledge of Nature is increased. It is a good sign that students should wish to do their share in discovering Nature's secrets. It shows that they are taking their work seriously and that they fully appreciate the value of knowledge.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND

A RECENT VISIT TO IT

Goats and Pigs and Ponies Running Wild

HAPPY LAND OF 50 PEOPLE

There is a lonely spot in the Pacific which the Chilean Government is proposing to turn into a health resort. Juan Fernandez lies like a vivid green jewel in the heart of an opal sea, 420 miles west of Valparaiso. Fair and lovely it rises, 13 miles long and four miles broad, with its peaks 3000 feet above the quivering Southern Sea.

It beckons still with all the lure of an enchanted land, for it was here that in 1704 the original of Crusoe, Alexander Selkirk, a buccaneer, was marooned by his own request after he had quarrelled with his skipper. He lived on the island for four years and four months, when he was finally rescued by Captain Woodes Rogers, who described him as a man dressed in goat-skins, and wilder in appearance than the goats themselves.

Selkirk actually did have a man Friday—an Indian whom he found in the woods and rescued from death. But he was drowned while fishing.

Robinson Crusoe's Flagstaff

Recent visitors to Juan Fernandez saw Crusoe's Cave, which is lined with shelves and has a cupboard still intact. Near the cave is a spur of rock, on which some years ago a Chilean surveying party discovered the remains of an old flagstaff deeply embedded in the earth. This was probably the one that the castaway had erected on his look-out point in the hope of attracting the attention of some passing ship.

It was at this point on the hill road called Selkirk's Look-out, where, in a gap in the trap-rock, a magnificent view may be had of the whole island and of the sea north and south, that a tablet was erected to the memory of Alexander Selkirk by a party landing from one of our own warships. He lived to be master's mate of H.M.S. Weymouth, and died in 1721.

The vegetation of the island is reported to be wonderful. The native growth is a kind of beautiful tree fern, while the valleys are covered with wild quinces, pears, peaches, and grapes, which Crusoe himself, or other early settlers, probably planted.

An Earthly Paradise

There are plenty of goats, pigs, and ponies running wild, and the surrounding sea swarms with fish, principally a species of cod, delicious to eat. Quantities of seals sun themselves on the rocks near by.

This earthly Paradise has only some fifty inhabitants, most of whom are of German origin. The project of turning it into a health resort will be Chile's third attempt to invade its loneliness.

At one time it was used as a penal settlement, and as ships were scarce in those days it is to be feared that warders and prisoners were left frequently without food or supplies. Then, about 50 years ago, the Chilean Government formed a scheme for colonising the island, but it was a failure.

Will it be a success as a health resort, or will it remain nothing more than an enchanted Isle of Dreams?

Pronunciations in this Paper

Cassini	Kahs-**see**-nee
Finistère	Fin-is-**tair**
Kea	**Kay**-ah
Mnemosyne	Ne-**mos**-e-ne
Sévigné	Say-veen-**yay**
Tanganyika	Tahn-gahn-**yee**-kah
Trachoma	Trak-o-mah

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THE WORKSHOP OF THE WORLD

BRITAIN'S NEED OF IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

Why Our Foreign Trade Has Fallen Off

NO NEED FOR DESPAIR

By Our Commercial Correspondent

Many years ago Britain won the name of The Workshop of the World. And indeed she became more than that. Britain not only made goods, and good goods, for all the world, but she dealt so freely in foreign commodities that she became the world's greatest merchant country.

Britain was thus the workshop of the world and the market of the world. She kept shop in things made by herself, such as iron and steel, ships, cotton goods, woollen goods, engines and machinery; and in materials and goods from overseas, such as raw cotton, wool, ores, india-rubber, tea, coffee, and cocoa.

Importing Raw Material

Even as to the manufactures we produce, however, it is very important to notice that they are largely made out of materials imported from abroad. Britain is not rich in raw materials. Apart from coal, iron ore, limestone, and china clay, we are very short of native supplies. And many organic materials, like cotton and india-rubber, cannot be grown at all in our climate. If, therefore, we want to do good work, we have to buy huge quantities of stuff and ship them home to work upon.

Now, to get from abroad the things we lack—to get imports—we have to sell British goods abroad—to make exports. Our exports are mainly manufactures made out of imported materials. So we earn a livelihood. By good buying and selling we obtain a surplus which we need not export and which makes our home trade.

Home Trade and Export Trade

If our export trade failed, however, we should cease to be able to pay for imports, and so we should lose, not only our export trade, but also our home trade. Many people do not realise this. They think that our home trade could compensate us for the loss of export trade. But let us think. Suppose Lancashire failed to get any more export orders. Then the Lancashire cotton operatives would cease to earn four-fifths of their wages, and they would have very little money to spend on home trade. Our home trade thus largely depends on the export trade.

We see how true this is today. Because our export trade has fallen off very badly our home trade has done the same. It is calculated that our home trade is now only half what it was before the war.

How to be Prosperous

Why, then, has our export trade fallen off? The explanation is that the war has so torn apart the world's trade connections, and so impoverished the world's buyers, that we feel the results in every export market. The world's trouble is our trouble. To be prosperous we need to sell in a prosperous world.

We have also to remember that we are not now the only workshop in the world as in the old days, and that we have to produce articles at a price that will tempt people abroad to buy them.

But, while the times are serious enough, there is no cause for despair. If we earnestly maintain the world's peace there will be gradual recovery of buying power in all countries, and Britain, the great exporting nation, will have the chance to come into her own again.

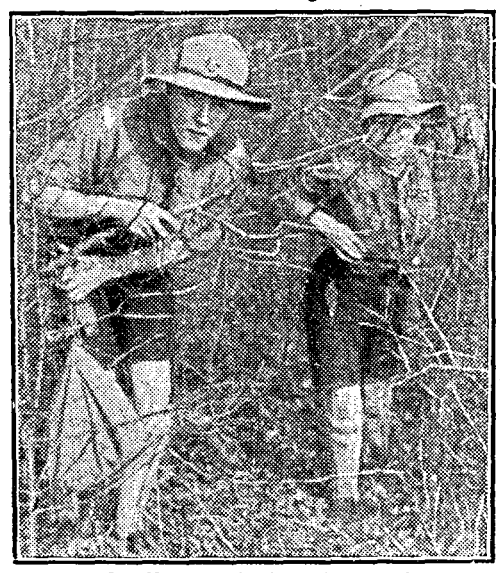
ETON SCOUTS HAVE A DAY OUT



A group of Scouts study a map of the surrounding country



Taking home the dismantled trek cart



A difficult route through a wood



The Provost presents a flag



A welcome interval for lunch

The splendid thing about the Scout Movement is that it embraces all sorts and conditions of boys, and none are more keen on being good Scouts and living up to the promises they make on joining than the Scouts of Eton College, who are here shown enjoying a field day in the open country

MARY DELANY'S FLOWERS

BEAUTIFUL STORY OF A RARE OLD LADY

How She Used Her Time and Her Powers

SOMETHING ALL MAY SEE

The C.N. monthly has this month a rare and beautiful story of the big scrap-books that some little time ago were given to the British Museum.

They contain the mosaics of Mary Delany, ten books of beautiful flowers made of tiny pieces of paper of various colours pasted down one on the top of another, all so life-like that you feel you could take up a flower from the page and carry it away.

These paper mosaics have come down to us from 150 years ago. Mrs. Delany was 74 years old at the time, and was feeling rather lonely because some of her friends were dead and some gone away. One day she had an idea that it would be rather nice to make some life-like flowers of coloured paper.

How the Pictures Were Made

She had many shades of paper to start with, and the tints she could not get she painted on paper herself. Then she cut out all the petals, stems, and leaves, and pasted them down, getting her "shading" by means of scraps of another colour pasted on the top.

Some of the mosaics are incredibly small, as, for instance, the tiny florets of milfoil, or yarrow. It is impossible to count the number of minute bits of paper that go to make up some of the blossoms.

The amazing thing about this beautiful work is that old Mrs. Delany was both an artist and a botanist. Her flowers are not only lovely in colour, but they are correct in every detail.

For ten years the old lady went on with her labour of love, and was very happy in it. By the end of that time she had made 1000 specimens, and if her eyesight had not failed she would probably have done more.

Where to Find the Pictures

These books of beautiful flowers are kept in the department of prints and drawings, in a private room where only grown-up students may go; and in order that the readers of the Children's Newspaper may see what they are like, the keeper of these rooms has very kindly put several pages from the books into a glass case in the public outer room.

To find these treasures we must go up the stairs in the "front hall," turn round to the right and through the terra-cotta room, where the pretty little Tanagra dancing-girls are. Then we turn to the right again, past all those cases of children's toys of long ago, through the bronze room, straight on till we come to the mummy room. There we turn to the right again and then to the left, and the department of prints and drawings is before us.

YOUNG INVENTOR'S TRIUMPH

Boy's Enterprise and Ingenuity Rewarded

Cyril Upton, a boy of 18, son of a railway engine-driver living in London, has a motor-bicycle. Often while he was riding or cleaning his machine he noticed a defect in the sparking-plug, and one day he set to work to see if he could discover how to put this right.

In the course of a morning he had hit upon an improvement, and that morning's work is going to bring him in several thousand pounds.

He saw that what was good for one motor would be good for all, so he patented his invention; and soon two companies, one English and one French, were competing for it. The French firm has bought it, and intends to apply it to aeroplane engines.

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BUTTERFLY RANCH

STRANGEST FARM IN THE WORLD

Lady Naturalist and Her Queer Business

INCUBATORS FOR CATERPILLARS

There are plenty of sheep farms and poultry farms and cattle ranches in the world, but there is only one butterfly ranch, and that is in the State of Maine, in the United States. It is conducted by a woman, and is growing in size and prosperity every month.

The butterfly ranch is on quite a large scale, and is international in its operations. The farmer is a keen nature-lover who originally kept butterflies and moths for her own interest. Then, finding that there were many schools and other educational institutions, as well as private nature-lovers, all over America who wished for butterflies and moths that they were unable to obtain in their own districts, the woman thought of the idea of starting a butterfly and moth ranch where these creatures could be reared in the same way as sheep and cattle.

Hunting for Cocoons

It began in quite a small way, and at first the farmer used to go out into the woods and hunt for the cocoons from which the butterflies and moths emerge. But, finding as time went on that the supply obtained in this way was far short of the demand, she began to keep breeding-cages, and conducted the business on the same lines as a poultry farm that she ran.

The eggs, laid by butterflies and moths collected first of all in America and then obtained from different parts of the world, were carefully preserved, and in due time hatched out, the caterpillars being fed on the plants on which they lived in their native haunts.

The hatching-boxes used are made on the farm, and are about two feet long by a foot wide and a foot high. The top and sides are of wire netting, and the bottom is covered with moss and earth or sand, according to the nature of the caterpillar that is to be hatched out. A door in the top of the box, or incubator, enables the eggs or cocoons to be placed inside without disturbing those already there, and the caterpillars that may have hatched out can be easily removed.

Training the Caterpillars

To conduct such a ranch as this is by no means a simple task, and it is only after long experience that the business has been brought to a state of perfection and made a financial success.

One great difficulty is the obtaining of sufficient supplies of the food plants of the various creatures that are hatched from the eggs. Then it is not always easy to get the butterflies and moths to lay their eggs in suitable positions where they can be properly hatched out.

But the greatest difficulty is that of inducing a caterpillar to remain on the bark or other substance natural to it, when it is about to change into a cocoon. The difficulty has, however, been surmounted, and that is the great trade secret of the butterfly ranch.

The butterflies and moths are either sold alive or mounted for school and college collections and for museums all over the United States. Quite a big business is growing up on this strange farm in connection with the importation of rare butterflies and moths from all over the world.

TASTELESS MEDICINE

Good News for Boys and Girls

The many boys and girls who have to take cod-liver oil will be interested to hear of a new invention by which the oil is turned into a tasteless white powder.

The powder has the same value as a tonic, and it can be mixed with any kind of food and so be completely disguised.

BIG BEN SEEN FROM THE SUN

What the Railway Porters Thought of Relativity

LORD HALDANE EXPLAINS EINSTEIN'S THEORY

Viscount Haldane lectured the other day in London on Einstein's theory of relativity, and explained that time and space were determined by the velocity of light.

He used a very simple and telling illustration to show what relativity means. If he were looking at Big Ben, he declared, he might see that between the hours of eight and nine the hour hand had moved, say, two inches. But suppose he were observing Big Ben, not from London, but from the sun with a tremendous telescope, what would he see?

The earth was moving round the sun at the rate of 70,000 miles an hour, and he would observe that the hour hand had moved, not two inches, but 70,000 miles plus two inches. That would be very perplexing unless he remembered that while the observer on the earth was at rest the observer in the sun was moving in relation to him at a huge velocity.

The Passenger in the Express

As a passenger stepped across a railway carriage to reach his bag in a train passing through a station, a porter on the platform might notice that it took him about two seconds to go a yard. "But," the porter might reason, "he is going in an express travelling at sixty miles an hour, and therefore he is moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour plus a yard."

Another porter in the sun would say "Ho! That porter said the passenger was going at sixty miles an hour plus a yard. But he was going past me at sixty miles an hour plus a yard plus 70,000 miles."

Then another porter in the Milky Way would say, "That ignorant porter in the sun thought 70,000 miles an hour would cover it. Why, the solar system is going at least 70,000 miles an hour past the point at which I am in the Milky Way."

There was no end to put to the limit of space, added Lord Haldane, for there might be velocity beyond velocity, and all were relative to the observer. The theory of relativity made people critical in the use of their faculties and delivered them from assuming that there was only one way of comprehending things.

WIRELESS ON A LONELY ISLAND

Tristan da Cunha Learns the News

Ever since it was taken possession of by Britain in 1817 the tiny island of Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean, has been dependent on passing ships for the news of the world.

It is about 1500 miles from the Cape of Good Hope and a good deal farther than that from Cape Horn.

Now the population of about a hundred will get news every day, and will know as quickly about important events in all quarters of the globe as if they lived in one of the great capitals. They have been presented by the people of Cape Town with a wireless set to keep them in touch with ships crossing the South Atlantic and also with the mainland of South Africa.

Thus the little speck in the vast expanse of sea which served as a watching-station upon St. Helena when Napoleon was a captive there, and where half a dozen British soldiers and whalers started a colony after the garrison had been withdrawn in 1821, will no longer be cut off as it has been. Wireless has abolished its isolation. *See World Map*

AFLOAT ON A SEAPLANE

Grim Adventure of an Excursion Party

SHIPS THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT

Could any plight be more pitiful than that of castaways on a wrecked seaplane, tossed by the waves, wet through, weak with exhaustion, who see a ship pass so near that they can read her name but cannot succeed in attracting the attention of anyone on board?

That was the misfortune of six Americans, three men and three women, who were making a trip from Miami, in Florida, to one of the British West Indian Islands, and who fell into the sea through the breaking of the propeller of their machine.

Miami is a fashionable seaside resort for rich people, a place where tropical flowers and fruits flourish and summer reigns all the year round. The passengers were wealthy visitors. They were all washed off the wrecked seaplane, one by one, after clinging to it for more than twenty-four hours.

Their troubles began when they flew into a storm. The violence of the wind buffeted the machine so fiercely that the propeller snapped. For a day and a night after they fell into the sea they kept the seaplane afloat by pumping out the water incessantly. Then a huge wave overturned it. They all managed, however, to keep hold of it.

But after another day and night, having seen nine ships pass without noticing their signals, they were too exhausted to maintain their hold. When at last an oil-tank ship sighted the wrecked flying-boat, only the pilot was clinging to it, and he was in delirium. His rescue came only just in time.

THE HUNGRY OCTOPUS

Toilers of the Sea Lose Their Living

So many octopuses and devil-fish infest the sea off the coast of Finistère, in Brittany, that the French fishermen have lost their livelihood.

Not only do these noxious creatures eat and frighten away the fish—they break the fishing-nets and sometimes endanger the lives of the fishermen. Twenty-three years ago, when there was a similar plague of them, the captain of a smack that had been driven on the rocks was seized by the powerful tentacles of a huge octopus and crushed to death.

The French Government have sent experts to Finistère to see whether anything can be done to help the unfortunate inshore fishers. What brings the octopuses in such large numbers in certain years is not known.

GARDEN 2500 YEARS OLD

Oasis in a Wilderness of Streets

In a crowded part of the City of London there is one little spot where vegetables and fruit are grown with excellent results, a spot that has never in London's long history been built over, that has never had pipes laid underneath it, and that, as far as records tell, has been a garden for at least 2500 years.

The gardener still occasionally digs up pieces of Roman pottery and brick and relics of an even earlier age.

All round the garden the ground has been dug up over and over again for sewers and gas-pipes and electricity cables to be put down, but the garden itself has never been disturbed. On every side tall buildings hem it in, yet it has always managed to escape the builder.

Down the court in which the garden lies, Nevill's Court, Fetter Lane, people often pause just to see the spring blossoms or the flowering currant bushes or the creeper turning red in autumn.

It is a little oasis of pleasantness amid the great city's bustle and grime.

POWER FOR NOTHING

NATURE TO THE AID OF FACTORIES

Goods that Come Down by Gravitation

SAVING MONEY AND WORK

Most of the great natural forces have long been harnessed and made to work for man, especially in connection with the transport of goods.

It is strange, however, that the simplest force of all and the easiest and cheapest to use, the very first force men ever knew of—gravitation—is only now being used on a big scale for transport purposes in industry.

In every other form of transport, when the track is laid and the vehicles prepared, an expensive engine or generating plant is necessary to make the vehicles move on the track. In using gravitation, however, when the track is laid—and a comparatively inexpensive track is all that is needed—no costly engine or plant is required. Gravitation is ready and waiting to do the work, and does not have to be produced like electricity and gas and compressed air and hydraulic power.

Gravitation Railways

Of course gravitation can only be used for transporting from higher levels to lower, but it is being used in this way on an increasing scale everywhere today.

For many years there have been, in a few places, inclined railways up the slope of a hill or the face of a cliff, in which ascending and descending cars on parallel tracks are connected by cable in such a way that when gravitation pulls one car down this assists in drawing the other car up.

Now, however, gravity conveyors are to be found in thousands in factories and other industrial centres all over Britain and America. Factories are almost invariably built in several storeys owing to the high cost of land, and many of the processes of manufacture have to be carried on on the upper floors.

Sliding Down a Spiral Shoot

In properly-organised factories the work is so arranged that the raw material is carried at once by lifts to the top floor, and the earliest operations go on there. Then, by a spiral gravity conveyor, the goods are sent down to the next floor for further treatment, after which, by another conveyor, they go, perhaps, to the next floor, where they are finished and packed ready for dispatch. They are then sent down to the railway-siding or wharf by an inclined roller runway, another form of gravity conveyor.

Inside the factory the gravity conveyor is usually built in the form of a spiral shoot, so as to occupy a minimum of space. A smooth inclined plane of polished metal or wood is arranged round a central axis, and sacks or boxes or other articles are simply placed at the top of the spiral way and given a push, when they slide to the bottom.

From the Factory to the Wharf

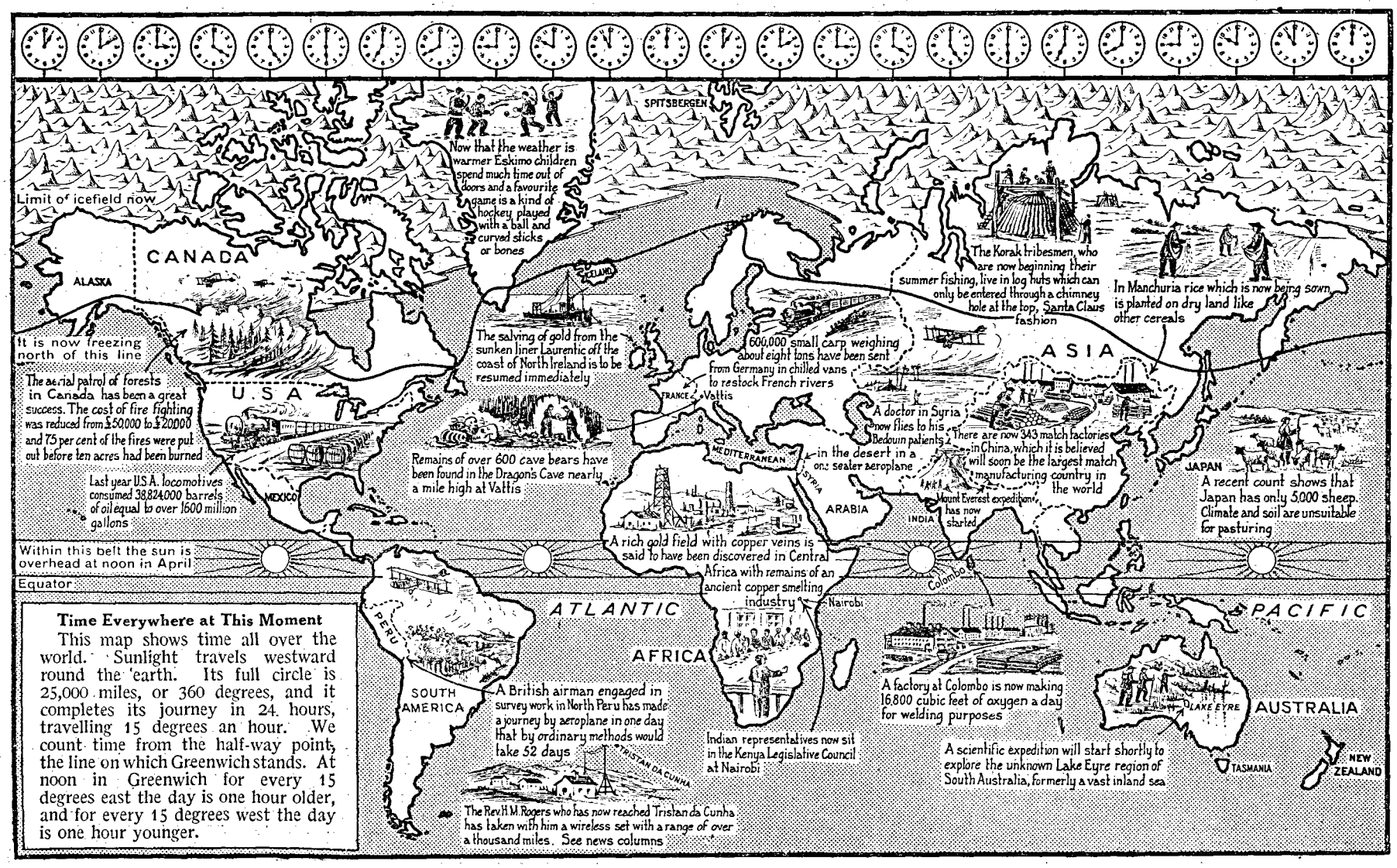
Inclined roller runways to carry goods from the factory to the wharf or railway-siding are more elaborate. They are built to the required dimensions, starting from the exit in the upper part of the factory and following a gradually descending course for half a mile or more.

In order to facilitate the passage of the boxes or other goods the whole length of the runway is fitted with smooth steel rollers on ball bearings, and the least pressure or touch will revolve these rollers. Side rollers at the bends prevent the packages halting if they slip to the margins of the runway.

At one very large bottling factory in London three gravity conveyors were installed, with the result that forty people were freed for other work, the output was doubled, and the breakages enormously decreased. Over £1000 a year was saved in wages alone, and yet these conveyors cost only £500.

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PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING TIME EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD



Time Everywhere at This Moment

This map shows time all over the world. Sunlight travels westward round the earth. Its full circle is 25,000 miles, or 360 degrees, and it completes its journey in 24 hours, travelling 15 degrees an hour. We count time from the half-way point, the line on which Greenwich stands. At noon in Greenwich for every 15 degrees east the day is one hour older, and for every 15 degrees west the day is one hour younger.

GENERAL CHANGES HIS MIND

Believer in Force Converted to Common-Sense

Soldiers are brave as a rule, but not many generals have the same degree of courage as the Prussian General von Deimling has recently shown.

To stand up and say, "I was wrong. I have seen the error of my ways," is much harder than to risk one's life on the battlefield. All honour, therefore, to this general, who told an audience at Stuttgart that the war had taught him the useless folly of militarism and the need for conciliation in place of hate.

This is all the more encouraging for the reason that this general was in command at Zabern in 1913 when the cowardly attack by a lieutenant on a lame cobbler roused indignation throughout the world. General von Deimling then supported the lieutenant on the ground that the dignity of the army must be maintained. He was in fact one of the most uncompromising upholders of military despotism in Germany.

Now he understands that militarism, the gospel of force, tends to anarchy, and he is plucky enough to announce his conversion openly.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of Chinese egg-shell plates	£483
A blue Chinese vase	£346
A pair of Chinese bowls	£273
A Louis XV snuff-box	£205
Swansea china dessert service	£168
A guinea of 1813	£128
Five-guinea piece of 1773	£95
Pamphlet by R. L. Stevenson	£95
Four George III candlesticks	£62
Book on agriculture owned by Burns	£38
A Waterford glass bowl	£30

AN OPEN-AIR KING

State Business to be Done in the Garden

King George is a great believer in fresh air. He likes to do his work in the open whenever the weather permits. He has been accustomed to use a tent for this purpose in the big garden of Buckingham Palace.

Now he has had a work-room built which will enable him to be out of doors in all weathers. It can be opened on any side so as to catch all the sunshine and to avoid cold winds or driving rain. It has electric light for dark days, and is connected with the house by telephone.

Here the King will have his papers, and will go through all State documents that require his signature.

Ministers who call to see him on public business will be invited into the garden, as they used to be on fine days in Queen Victoria's time. But the aged Queen never worked in the fresh air so systematically as her grandson intends to do.

MOUNT EVEREST ONCE MORE

Preparing for the Final Conquest

The advance guard of the party that is to try to get to the top of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is now on its way from Darjeeling, in Northern India, to the Upper Himalayas.

It will make a base camp, and from that the six climbers, all mountaineers of great experience, will set out in June.

Last year the expedition got up to a height of 23,000 feet, and then had to turn back, still 6000 feet from the top. This time the effort to reach the summit will be more determined and more likely to succeed, because a good deal was learned in the course of last year's ascent, and also because the weather is reckoned to be most favourable in the early winter. *See World Map*

BIRD'S FIGHT WITH A SNAKE

Odd Sight Seen by a Traveller

From Australia comes a vivid story of a fight between a snake and a bird.

A traveller in New South Wales saw a sparrow-hawk dive time after time against some unseen antagonist. He watched it fly round and round the spot; then saw it dive again. This time it rose with a snake four feet long in its beak.

The sparrow-hawk had seized it about six inches from its head, so that the snake could not get its fangs round far enough to bite.

The reptile tried hard to coil its hinder part round the bird's neck so as to strangle it, but it was not able to do this before the sparrow-hawk let it drop from a height of 150 feet.

That was almost the end of the battle. The snake had very little fight left in it after such a fall, and the bird soon managed to kill it, and then eat it.

STEERING BY SOUND

New Method of Piloting Ships

The rate at which sound travels through water is being made use of in a new and important method of piloting ships into harbour in foggy weather.

When the ship is approaching the harbour a grenade is thrown into the sea, giving out a loud report, and at the same instant a wireless signal is sent to two stations, one on each side of the harbour and some distance apart.

If the ship is nearer to one of these stations than the other, the sound of the grenade will reach the nearer station some time before the other, as sound travels comparatively slowly; the wireless signal, however, is received instantly at both stations, so that, knowing the rate of travel of sound, the two stations can calculate how far the ship is from each one of them.

It is then a simple calculation in geometry to find its exact position, and the wireless stations flash back to the ship its bearings.

MEASURING INDUSTRY BY DUST

What Science Learns from the Air

We can get some idea of the amount of industry going on in Germany by the quantity of dust carried over to England by the wind. This striking fact was described by Dr. J. Owens a few days ago at the Royal Society.

Huge quantities of dust are blown over to us from the Continent, and the heat, haze, or mirage which excited so much curiosity last summer appear now to have been caused by finely suspended dirt wafted across the North Sea to us from industrial centres in foreign countries.

Dr. Owens has made the important discovery, through a new dust-measuring instrument he has invented, that dust which we breathe in through the nose penetrates to the very depth of the lungs.

We thus learn the important lesson that a dusty atmosphere is never good, and that dust should be kept down in every way possible.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

French Peasant Woman's Pathetic Goodbye

The article in the C.N. about horses being less used in war has brought us an interesting story from a Birmingham reader.

When the war began I was at Pontarlier, on the Franco-Swiss frontier, staying opposite the barrack-yard to which the peasants from the districts around brought their conscripted horses in a steady stream.

There were many touching sights, and I particularly remember one very old woman, who had doubtless walked several miles to the town, bringing her beautiful horse at her country's call.

Her turn was a long time in coming, and all the while she talked away to her horse very fast. When the moment of parting arrived she flung her arm around the horse's neck, crying bitterly.

Often have I wondered whether the horse so dearly loved ever returned.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
APRIL 15 ❀ ❀ 1922

Statesman of Your Life

ONE day, when a great bishop was fighting an unjust proposal, another bishop whispered into his ear that it was dangerous to oppose the King. "All the more reason," replied the bishop, "why we should resist, that it may not become a custom."

That is what wise men see in all unjust proposals—the danger that, once they are tolerated, they may grow into customs.

A great Frenchman has told us the difference between the statesman and the historian. "The historian," he says, "is employed to describe the malady when the sick man is dead. The statesman is employed to treat the sick man while he is living."

We can all look back and say: "That was unwise; see what it did; see what it grew to be;" but it requires great foresight to say of a new suggestion: "This is dangerous; if it becomes a custom it will be our ruin."

We are all excellent historians, but not many of us are statesmen. How often do we meet some sad and broken old man who says to us: "Ah, I know very well why I have come to this sorry pass; it was because I did this thing or that." How wise he is after the event. But not often do we meet a young man who says: "I won't do this, I won't do that, because if such things become a habit they will impair my health and weaken my will."

Youth is the time of statesmanship; in youth we are statesmen of our lives. No one else governs us. Each one of us is an absolute monarch. Circumstances are never our master; they are merely the conditions of our lordship. Always, so far as they affect our inner life, we can say to them Yes or No. We can preserve our own inner lives from the tyranny of the world outside.

Look at the world just now. What a chaos it is! What a ruin has come upon us! Why? It is clearly the result of blindness in our statesmen. *They did not foresee*. They allowed militarism to become a habit. They let greed become a custom. They pursued the spirit of revenge and abandoned the spirit of goodwill.

We can learn from them. If we would have order in our minds, and not chaos, let us resist every action which, once it becomes a habit, will destroy our self-mastery. The time to resist is when evil is weakest, and it is only weak when it is whispering to us from outside.

Keep it there. If it should get inside, care nothing about what will happen, but at all costs *pitch it out*. Fight an evil before it is a habit and grows into a custom, before it is too late. Be the statesman of your life.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



❀ ❀ Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Great Fight

IT is a strengthening thing to know that Reason has always had to fight Folly, a David defying a Goliath.

We sometimes think, perhaps, that it is only in our own day that such absurdities exist as starving scholars and rich prize-fighters. But we have lately come across a scholar who lived hundreds of years before Christ.

He was a great teacher, a great exponent of philosophy. Driven from his native country in youth, he spent 67 years wandering about Greece and possibly earning money by the recital of his verses, and he spoke with what looks like bitter professional jealousy of "the honours and emoluments heaped by the public on boxers, wrestlers, racers, and chariot-drivers."

So long ago as that these things were done; so long ago a man arose who preached aloud that mind should be preferred to muscle.

Knowledge of this kind should put heart into the student. Let him realise that he has to fight for his mind and soul. The greatest of all the fights is not the sort of fight the grown-up papers talk so much about: it is the everlasting fight between the little band of the Children of Light and the vast hosts of the Children of Darkness.

❀

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him. BALZAC

Fair and Square and Open

THE war has left a trail of evil things behind, and few good things; but one good thing it has bequeathed to all good men—the belief that nations, as well as individuals, must do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

All the world knows that wars are made by plots and secrecy; all the world knows that nations in the past have entered into secret treaties against one another such as no man would enter into against his neighbour. The secret treaty is one of the infamies that have to go, and the League of Nations has been built up on the firm foundation of open dealing between Governments.

We think of it now because we have been reminded in these last few days of the workman who went up to Livius Drusus in the great days of Rome and promised that for five talents he would put up walls to prevent the neighbours from seeing into the house of Drusus. But Drusus was unwilling. "I will give you ten talents," he said, "to make my house so transparent that all Rome may see how I live."

It is a good text for any of us, and it seems to say to Governments that the way top eace lies in openness and friendliness. Fair and square and open let us be, like Livius Drusus.

A Question of Colour

IT is being suggested that dark-haired people do better in cities than the fair-haired ones, who are disappearing.

Certain insects have been mentioned as being light-coloured in the country, but black in cities. No one has yet mentioned the black-beetle. Was it once white?

❀

Tip-Cat

THE King thinks every man in the land should be able to afford a carpet. If he can't he is simply floored.

⊡

A SCIENTIST tells us that in 10,000 years arms and legs will disappear. But many people will still be nobodies.

⊡

THE War School of Gas is to be closed. It is thought that without it the age will be more enlightened.

⊡

A CRITIC considers that every famous man should put down his recollections. The recollections of some of them ought to be put down.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If strained relations ever snap

⊡

STRIPES are to be popular in men's summer wear. We hope they will be strokes of luck.

⊡

LONDON shoeblacks are said to be vanishing. They must be polishing themselves off.

⊡

IT is better to take a holiday in one piece," writes a doctor, "than in sections." How can you take a holiday unless you have the pieces?

⊡

A Swiss roll: A fall down the Matterhorn.

⊡

THE Underground now gives change if you push a button. It only gives it under pressure.

❀

The Best Policy

DIRT has been called "matter in the wrong place." Crime often seems to be energy applied to the wrong purposes. The man arrested in Paris for stealing platinum from lightning-conductors had climbed the lightning-conductors to get it, a feat very difficult and very dangerous. It would be far easier for such a man to make a living honestly.

His idea is like that of the people who spend their time searching through old wills at Doctors' Commons in London—the idea of getting rich quickly. It is much more unpleasant and tiring to hunt out and decipher musty documents than to do a decent day's work. It is also much less remunerative.

Honest toil is the only sure way to fortune. Short cuts are always deceptive. They lead into marshes where no sure foothold is.

Ship Ahoy!

By Our Country Girl

THE ship she came a-curtseying,
A-bowing through the bay;
The sky was black and blue with storm,
The waves were white and grey.
Like wolves in chase I saw them race,
Their white fangs grinning gay.

UPON the shore folks did not think
What ship that ship might be;
They pushed their prams and led their dogs,
And thought about their tea.
But I was small: I saw it all—
The Magic on the sea.

I KNOW it came from Araby,
All laden with the Spring,
With casks and casks of honey-dew,
With ring on fairy ring,
With bales and bales of nightingales
On tip-toe all to sing.

THE gallant timbers groaned beneath
The tadpoles in the hold,
With poet's quills and spider's webs,
And lambkins one week old,
And evening stars and ingot bars
Of dandelion gold.

THE Captain was an angel
Whose cloak was made of sky;
The Pilot was a schoolboy,
With mischief in his eye;
The crew were dreams, in rainbow streams;
They trimmed the yards on high.

❀

SOCIETY NEWS

Grand Fête in a Rock Pool

All sorts of sea anemones attended the Spring fête on the seashore, which was very Ornate and was opened by a blast on the Globehorn blown by a Trumplet in a Cloak that was Scarlet-fringed and Gold-spangled.

⊡

A Painted pufflet, looking very Rosy and wearing a Scarlet and Gold star Eyed a Pallid Cave-dwelling anemone with a Necklet of Crimson, who arrived Sandalled.

⊡

A Wrinkled creeplet with Snowy hair was very bored, and soon became a Gapelet. He opened his Fish-mouth very wide, when someone said: "We shall have to let the Arrow muzzlet."

⊡

A Winged Cup coral, wearing a Yellow Imperial, flew to the fête and carried a Painted corklet to keep him afloat should he fall in the Snake-locked harbour.

⊡

Among the flowers were many Anemones, a Daisy, a Marigold wartlet, and a Dahlia wartlet; and the guests, who were highly bejewelled, included a Gem pimplet, a Diadem pimplet, and a Scarlet pearlet.

❀

A Prayer for a Generous Mind

Give us to be of generous mind
As well as kindly heart,
To see each other's point of view
And yet hold fast to what is true;
To think the best of all our kind,
And service as the better part.

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TANGANYIKA

THE GREAT CHANGE-OVER

Interesting Picture of African Country

FROM GERMAN TO BRITISH

From the British officials governing the Tanganyika Territory, formerly known as German East Africa, comes to the British Parliament their first report, covering the period between the Armistice and the beginning of the present year, and it is a most informing and interesting account of the country and of what has been happening there.

From a low-lying coast, 500 miles in length, the Territory rises beyond a coastal plain ten miles wide in the north and forty miles wide to the southward, up to a central plateau between 3000 and 4000 feet high, and then sinks gradually to the westward down to the great lakes Victoria, Tanganyika, and Nyasa.

Lakes and Mountains

The general slope is from the north southward. Thus Victoria Lake is 3720 feet above sea-level, while Tanganyika is 2590 feet, and Nyasa sinks to 1607 feet.

Northward the central plateau climbs to mighty mountains on the borderland of the British Kenya Colony, with Kilimanjaro, 19,720 feet, the highest mountain in Africa, as their crowning summit. A neighbouring peak, Mount Meru, 14,955 feet, is higher than any of the Alps except Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. To the south-west the plateau rises again to the Livingstone mountains, 9000 feet high.

There is only one active volcano in the Territory, and that is in the north, with a native name meaning God's Mountain.

From the central plateau flow many rivers, eastward to the sea or westward to the lakes, and some are navigable for small steamers about as far as the larger English rivers.

Thickly-Crowded States

The area under British rule is 365,000 square miles, or five times the size of England, and the population is about 4,000,000. Almost as many people, formerly under Germany, live in two thickly-peopled States that have been added to Belgian Congoland.

The chief towns are Tabora, in the middle of the Territory and the centre of its caravan routes; the seaports Tanga, on the northern part of the coast, and Dar-es-Salaam, or the Harbour of Peace, the capital, on the central part of the coast; with Mwanza on Lake Victoria, and Ujiji on Tanganyika.

Is this land—first discovered to Europe by Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese navigator, but long before wellknown to Persians and Arabs from across the Indian Ocean, and even to the Chinese—a desirable possession? Apparently the Germans thought so in 1885, when they seized it as their own after paying £200,000 to the Sultan of Zanzibar for any rights he might have there; but the present report does not give a very flattering impression.

Forests and Minerals

There are forests of substantial value covering 3000 square miles. Traces of many minerals are found, though not in workable quantities, except mica. The exports include sizal hemp, hides, coffee, copra, grain, cotton, ground nuts, skins, and beeswax, commodities that denote a good deal of industry; but the trade generally has fallen to half what it was before the war, and this half is perhaps somewhat delusive, for some of the goods exported have been stored, and are not the last year's produce.

The most striking feature of the report is the insight it affords into the ruin, stagnation, and confusion caused by the war in this promising German colony.

With methods of government and of procuring labour that British feeling would not allow—for they led to over 8000 yearly authorised floggings, mostly

Continued from the previous column

of 25 lashes—the Germans established a system that pointed toward business prosperity. They studied the resources of the country carefully, and began to lay scientific foundations for the cultivation of suitable crops and for the preservation of health.

But the war disorganised everything. The two railways, one in the north from Tanga, and the other in the centre from Dar-es-Salaam, were greatly damaged by the blowing up of bridges; cultivation of corn, coffee, cotton, and rubber was neglected; the whole system of government crumbled away; lepers, numbering over 5000, were scattered over the country from isolation centres; chaos was complete.

The British had to grapple with this confusion as best they could. Temporarily they had, for instance, to continue the use of German money. They were also obliged to employ native officials who had been in the German service and used German methods, for these were the only men who knew the country. Gradually this is being changed.

Now there are about 2200 Europeans in the Territory, 1400 being British and 300 Greeks. Indians number 10,500, and Indian Portuguese about 1000. Some 300,000 of the 4,000,000 people are Mohammedans. The fact that everywhere the Swahili language—the mixture of Arabic and native tongues common on the East Coast of Africa—is understood is a great help.

The report dwells at some length on the enormous amount and great variety of animal life, including big game; and perhaps the strangest sentence in it is that newly-constructed sections of a road in the interior have suffered considerable damage from the vagaries of large herds of elephants.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The River Avon has been restocked with 200,000 young fish, taken from various reservoirs.

Roubles, worth more than three shillings each before the war, are now worth 10,000 a penny.

Famous War Hut Closed

The war hut at Victoria Station in London has been closed after sheltering a million soldiers and sailors.

New R.A.

Mr. Giles Gilbert Scott, the designer of Liverpool's new cathedral, has been elected a Royal Academician at the early age of 41.

Echo of the War

A bottle has just been found off the North Carolina coast containing a message written in grease by the engineer of a coal ship that was about to be torpedoed by a German submarine.

In some parts of England milk has been selling at the pre-war price of fourpence a quart.

The Mayor of Buffalo has refused permission to an English girl who wanted to walk across Niagara on a tight-rope.

Mosque in London

A reader informs us that a mosque has just been opened in a private house in Southfields.

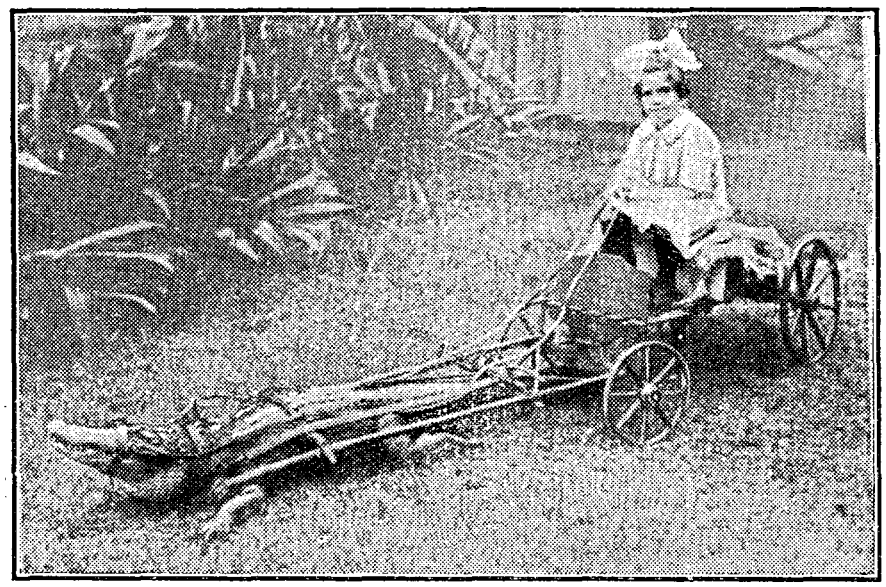
Wagons at a Guinea Each

At a sale by auction at Park Hill Camp, Oswestry, recently a number of general service wagons in excellent condition were sold for a guinea each.

New Miner's Lamp

A new miner's lamp has just been approved by the Secretary for Mines. It is worked by electricity, and fits on the miner's head, the accumulator being strapped to his body.

THE ALLIGATOR AS A DOMESTIC PET



A drive round the grounds with an alligator steed



Off for a ride on an alligator's back

In Florida, where the alligator is common in the rivers, the young are often caught and trained as domestic pets. These pictures show happy little American children at play with their pets in the gardens of their homes. The creatures appear to be quite docile and well trained

BAD OLD CUSTOM TO GO

NO MORE SERVANTS TO BE BOUGHT IN HONG KONG

Triumph of British Rule in the Far East

GIRL SLAVES TO BE SET FREE

All kind-hearted people will welcome the promise made to the British Parliament by Mr. Churchill, the Colonial Secretary, that within a year all the little Chinese girls living in Hong Kong who have been bought to be servants shall be released.

Hong Kong is a British possession, governed by laws for which our country is responsible, though there are about 450,000 Chinese living there and only about 6000 Europeans.

British laws do not allow human beings of any age to be bought and sold. Chinese custom, however, does allow it, and in the past the Chinese custom has prevailed, and has led to there being tens of thousands of Chinese girls serving Chinese families as servants because they have been bought from their parents. It is now estimated that there are 50,000 such girls in Hong Kong.

Sealing a Bargain

How has this come about? The excuse for it is that it has not been called buying, but has been known by the more respectable word "adoption." So poor are many Chinese that they are willing to lessen the cost of their family by allowing people who are better off to "adopt" their daughters when the girls are quite young—say, five or six years—and seal the bargain with a sum of money that may be called a gift.

Now see what the effect of that will be on the life of the child. Very soon the child will be useful in the household into which she has been adopted. She will be expected to work for nothing till she is grown up, and so her so-called foster parents will get service at a far cheaper cost than they can hire it. Her parents will benefit by receiving money; her purchasers will benefit by getting cheap service. But the child will, in effect, be living the life of a slave while she remains a bought servant.

Servants Bought and Sold

Slave is a hard word, and the British people do not like to use it unless it is fully deserved; but the test whether the word applies in the case of a Chinese servant purchased into adoption is that she can be sold again to another household, and often is so sold, and in being sold may pass from a good home to a worse, or even a bad, home. Cases of cruelty have frequently occurred, and the poor girl has no defence against foster parents, who really are her owners.

Because it is the custom of the people of the country it has been allowed to drift on and on, though it was exposed, and an official inquiry ordered, forty years ago, by the Colonial Secretary.

Chinese Reformers

But now, owing to the activity of an English lady who found one of these adopted servants being cruelly used, the whole question has been raised afresh, and, happily, a number of enlightened Chinese have joined in the movement to make the custom illegal.

A deeply-rooted custom of this kind, affecting a large part of the population, cannot be set aside at once. It must be gradually changed. But the British Colonial Secretary has promised Parliament that the whole system shall be abolished within a year.

The change is necessary to uphold the good name of British rule. Two features have a cheering aspect. They are that the British Government acted firmly as soon as it knew the facts, and also a considerable section of Chinese opinion promptly took the side of freedom and fairness toward the girls.

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CAN YOU COLOUR THE BLUE BOY?

£50 FOR A GOOD TRY

How Near Can a C.N. Artist Get to Gainsborough?

FAMOUS PICTURE AT ITS VERY BEST

The Blue Boy has gone to America, and it may never more be seen in its native land.

It is good to know, however, that a most excellent copy of this immortal picture was made before its removal from the National Gallery for its voyage across the Atlantic. There have been many published copies of Gainsborough's splendid portrait, but all of them bore the mark of time, for, however preciously guarded a picture may be, its colours will get dimmed with dust.

Now, however, there is published perhaps the best impression ever printed in a magazine of this great picture. It is the cover of the new number of the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, and it is unique, because, by the generous courtesy of Messrs. Duveen, the world-wide dealers in art, the photographers of My Magazine were allowed to make a special negative of the picture after it had been cleaned for exhibition in the National Gallery.

The effect of the cleaning was wonderful, and, as only ninety thousand people were able to see it, it occurred to the Editor of the C.N. that it would be a good thing to send a reproduction of the picture round the world.

And so My Magazine this month is carrying with it this famous Blue Boy looking its very best; and in order to encourage the thousands of young artists who read the C.N. we have decided to offer a prize of £50 and fifty other prizes of £1 each for the best coloured copies of this cover.

All you have to do is to take the new number of the C.N. monthly, cut out the page on which the outline of the cover appears, and paint this outline according to the colours on the cover.

Full particulars of how to send in your attempt will be found in My Magazine for May, now on sale on the bookstalls. Secure a copy today.

BADGER HUNT IN LONDON

Truant Animal Caught in a Net

About three o'clock in the morning a policeman in the Marylebone district of London heard a cats' chorus of great and unusual vigour.

He went to see what was the matter, and found a number of cats making a great noise around an area. He turned his searchlight into the area, and there, to his surprise and alarm, he saw a large badger crouching in a corner and showing his teeth at the cats.

The policeman called to another, who said at once, "Why, that's the animal that escaped from the Zoo; they've been looking for him these two days."

And then he told how forty-eight hours earlier the badger had broken out of his cage, had been seen here and there, chased round a square by a taxi-cab, hunted out of a railway goods yard, and then lost altogether.

But at last he was cornered, for he could not get out of the area except by running past the policemen's searchlights; and this he was evidently afraid to do. So he stayed where he was until a party arrived from the Zoological Gardens with a big net, in which he was quickly caught and taken back.

He seemed quite thankful to get back, ate a good meal, then settled down to a long, comfortable sleep. He had not enjoyed his run about London.

Having only recently arrived at the Zoo from his native haunts, the badger was wild and unused to the excitement of town life. *Picture on back page*

Your Wonderful Memory

C. B. FRY'S LETTERS TO C.N. READERS

How to Train Yourself to Remember the Things You Should Know

THE GREAT IMPORTANCE OF WILL-POWER AND PERSEVERANCE

In the ancient classical times, which had their merits, nearly all the really nice deities were ladies—or, rather, goddesses.

Mnemosyne, Lady Memory, was not quite a goddess, but she was the Mother of the Muses; an important position, because in those days, though people did not talk much about Culture, they practised it.

Plato, the charming philosopher, called Memory the Mother of the Intellect; he thought that knowledge is to wisdom what his realm is to a king; and no one can be wise with nothing to be wise with. But Plato did not, I fancy, concentrate much on dates of kings and battles, or masses of fugitive detail, but rather on the pith and essence of things, main principles.

India's Unwritten Grammar

Anyhow, we all know the worth of a good memory for what we want to remember, and we know that people differ much in this valuable quality. The Sanskrit grammar, about the size of our Bible, was handed down by memory, unwritten, in India for 350 years; and there are Indian priests who can repeat correctly poems of 300,000 lines.

On the other hand, the Roman Emperor Claudius, having had his wife Messalina put to death, got angry about an hour afterwards because she did not come when sent for.

Some people have two memories, good and bad; for instance, a gentleman named Calvisius Sabrinus had to call his nine servants after the nine Muses, and his friends after poets, such as Homer, because he could remember none but literary names.

There are only two ways of developing a good memory; one by what is called association, the other by practising to remember. All systems for remembering are based on association—schemes for joining one thing with another in your mind.

Association of Ideas

For instance, you remember that *panis* is the Latin and *pain* the French for bread, because bread can be baked in a pan. This method has been cleverly elaborated, and some of the dodges are in a way very useful; you can pay quite a lot to learn them. Except for certain details, however, they are in the end more bother than they are worth, because you have such a lot of things referred to such a lot of other things that you get lost in a mass of associated associations.

The second, and, I believe, the only good method, is that of direct memory guided by will. A man named Leland, whom I have mentioned before, explained this method best, and I owe him most of what I know about it. He did not sell his information for money, and his methods of education had an enormous success. He did not deny that association of ideas was useful, but he objected to it as a basis. His advice is this.

In order to learn how to remember we should begin by taking something easy to retain, such as a verse, or proverb, or text, and learn it absolutely perfectly backwards and forwards. We should repeat it next day; this revising is the most important point. On the second day we should add another verse, and so on.

We should never learn anything new till we have absolutely and perfectly memorised the old, and we should revise and review every day. The result, if we persevere, is that we find the process easier and easier, especially the revision, which is troublesome to begin with. The exercises at first cannot be too easy; it is the *perfection* of the effort, and not its size, that counts. Gradually the exercises may be increased.

After acquiring a good facility in this way, the next step is to have the verse or text read to you several times in earlier stages, and later only once. Try to remember and revise it on this same plan, and let the length increase as your power grows.

It is maintained that after a year or so most people can remember, word for word, a whole lecture. I myself once heard Prince Ranjitsinhji dictate a six-page letter to his secretary, who took no word down, but brought the whole exact half an hour afterwards.

Will and Perseverance

This, of course, sounds a simple and troublesome process, but there is a great aid to it I will tell you about. But first you should note that, though this method begins with verses and texts, the same process can be applied later to any sort of subject matter for memory. Clearly the method depends on will and perseverance; but so does every real method of acquiring any power of mind and body, or of developing fully our material gifts.

Now the great aid is what Leland calls Energetic Forethought. It applies not only to this task, but to others. You must fully intend, but more, and in a special way. Every time you must assure yourself clearly and completely that you know your own mind about what you mean to do—however small the thing may be. Meditate on it earnestly and quietly, and gather a considered determination to master it. Put as much active forethought into the work as you can, and proceed.

Resolving to Remember

It is claimed that this way of acquiring strength of memory is much facilitated by repeating the task in hand just before going to sleep, together with a resolution to remember it in future.

All this really amounts to training by a form of drill our faculty of memory. The faculty grows *through*, not merely *in*, the particular subject matter on which it is exercised. Anyone can see that the second method suggested aims at developing a faculty, at helping it to grow; whereas the dodge and tip methods founded upon conscious association, or linking of one image in the mind with another, only work at one brick in the building.

I am sure that all this is worth the attention of those who would woo the fair goddess Mnemosyne. She does not accept "tips," but does accept service, and blesses it. C. B. F.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

BRILLIANT WOMAN NOVELIST

Charlotte Brontë and Her Clever Sisters

A SURPRISE FOR THE PUBLISHERS

April 16.	Battle of Culloden	1746
17.	Bishop Stillingfleet born at Cranborne	1635
18.	Mme. de Sévigné died at Grignan	1697
19.	Lord Byron died at Missolonghi	1824
20.	Napoleon III born in Paris	1808
21.	Charlotte Brontë born at Thornton	1816
22.	Royal Society founded, London	1662

Charlotte Brontë who, many of us think, wrote the English language more powerfully than any other woman has written it, was born at Thornton, near Bradford in Yorkshire, on April 21, 1816.



Charlotte Brontë

During the greater part of her life her home was at Haworth, a grey village on the edge of rather sombre Yorkshire moors. There her father was the clergyman, and in the parsonage four children grew up after their mother's early death, with Charlotte as the eldest. The others were Emily, as clever as Charlotte; Anne, not so clever, but very good; and a brother, Branwell, next in age to Charlotte. He became a drunken ne'er-do-well, and a terrible trouble to the family and its rather grim father.

Three Famous Authors

Charlotte and Emily, and an elder sister who died, were educated at a school they detested and that is described in Charlotte's powerful novel "Jane Eyre." Then they had to leave home and become governesses, for the family was poor. They taught sometimes in manufacturers' families of the kind described in Charlotte's book "Shirley." Charlotte went as a teacher as far afield as Brussels, as described in her story "Villette."

At home, from childhood, they wrote books for love of writing; and when they grew up published jointly a volume of poems under the names Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, thus keeping to their initials. Under the same names each of the sisters had a tale accepted for publication in 1847, and Charlotte's tale, "Jane Eyre," made her almost instantly famous. The publishers themselves did not know it was written by a woman, and were astonished when they discovered the author to be a lady.

Writer of Vivid Books

After that Charlotte had great literary success, and it has endured now for nearly 75 years, and will endure. But her home troubles continued, for her brother and her two sisters died. Their whole story is finely told in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," one of the best biographies ever written. When she was 38 Charlotte married her father's curate, and died before she was 39.

Her books, based largely on her own experiences, are written with an intense vividness that makes them seem exactly like pictures of real life. The heroine in "Jane Eyre" and in "Villette" is drawn from herself, and in "Shirley" from her sister Emily.

Her favourite subject was how strength of character in a feeble little woman can grapple with all emergencies and rise triumphant over difficulties. That was what Charlotte Brontë did, and through her tales she described the doing of it with a power that no novelist, man or woman, has surpassed.

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RARE BUTTERFLY IN KENT

Comma Seen on the Wing

FIRST APPEARANCE FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

By Our Country Correspondent

The comma butterfly has made its appearance at Stanford, in Kent, for the first time for many years.

The comma butterfly was once very common all over England, and was plentiful as near London as Epping Forest. But for many years past it has been getting rarer and rarer, and of late has been practically confined to a few favoured localities in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Monmouthshire.

Isolated specimens have, however, been taken from time to time in other counties, but it is a quarter of a century since one was seen in Kent. Its appearance now, therefore, is interesting, although, of course, this must be a hibernating specimen that has been awakened by the warmth of the sun or a fire in a room usually left fireless. Possibly it may have been from a breeder's cage.

When rare creatures appear, if collectors would only let them alone for a time they might multiply and become common once more, adding to the beauties of our lovely countryside. But, unfortunately, the rare creatures have no chance of doing this. They are generally killed on sight.

Fortunately, the comma is so like the tortoiseshell that it may escape the collector. The curious, scalloped edges to its wings give it the appearance of a very tattered tortoiseshell, scarcely worth the trouble of catching.

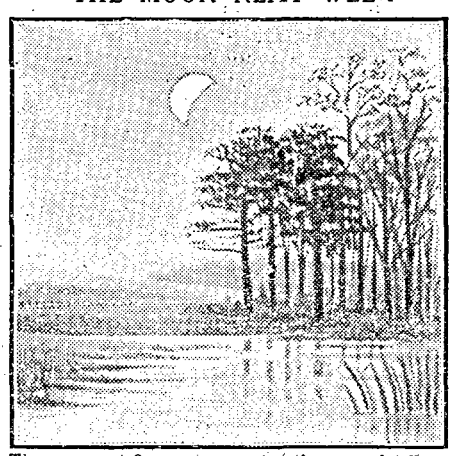
The unique feature about it, however, is the curious white C, or comma-shaped mark, on the underwing.

The perfect insect emerges in July or August, although sometimes there are two broods, one in June and the other in August. Some specimens are dark brown, and it is suggested that these are the females, while others which are very variegated are thought to be the males.

The comma butterfly is generally seen flying round hops, hence it should be common and familiar in Kent. It also flies about currant and gooseberry bushes, nettles, and elm trees.

The caterpillar, which is reddish or flesh-coloured, with bright orange on the back and a black head, frequents currants and raspberries, hops and nettles, elms and willows. The chrysalis is reddish, with pink spots.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 9 a.m., summer time, on April 19

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does Mg. mean? It is the chemical abbreviation for magnesium.

What is a Shock Absorber? An appliance under an aeroplane to lessen the shock when the machine alights.

What is a Lazaretto? A public building for the reception of diseased persons, particularly those with contagious diseases; also a place for the fumigation of goods landed from a ship previously in quarantine.

PARROT OUTLAW OF NEW ZEALAND

Bird That Will Soon Be as Extinct as the Dodo

£1000 A YEAR PAID FOR BEAKS

Last year the New Zealand Government paid out nearly £1000 for the beaks of parrots.

They were those of the kea, a bird whose portrait was given in the C.N. some time ago, and, as five shillings is now paid for every beak brought in, the shooting of keas has become almost more profitable in the Canterbury and Otago districts, where it is found, than ordinary farmwork.

Before long, it is believed, this interesting though destructive bird will be as extinct as the dodo and the moa. The news will please farmers; but Nature lovers will be very sad at the loss of still another creature of the southern hemisphere. There would seem, however, to be no hope for the bird.

The kea is a creature of the mountains, and lives mostly in remote regions among the snows. But, though its natural home is in the rugged mountains, it frequents the sheep stations, for it has developed a lamentable taste for mutton. Sitting on the back of a sheep, it will, with its powerful beak, eat right into the body of the animal, so that the creature dies.

Five Shillings a Beak

On a certain farm some time ago the young sheep were attacked one night by keas, and 200 beasts were slain. Such deeds, of course, necessitate that the bird should be outlawed, and a fierce war is now being waged against it.

The Government originally offered one shilling for every beak brought in, but as cartridges were very dear it did not pay to kill the birds. In 1920 only £46 was paid in bounties for keas' beaks, which meant that only 920 birds had been killed. Last year the bounty was raised to five shillings a beak, and about £1000 has been paid out, representing 4000 beaks.

The whole countryside in the kea districts is now mustered for war on the bird, and, as some county councils offer half-a-crown a beak in addition to the five-shilling bounty of the Government, there is every inducement for the creature's extermination.

THE BLESSING OF SILENCE

City Noises That Damage Our Nerves

Silence is now declared to be a condition of health.

It is no use to say "I have trained myself so that I do not hear any noise." We hear every noise that is about whether we are conscious of it or not, and the exertion of "not hearing" is an enormous drain on our strength.

Instruments have been invented which record the energy wasted in not hearing sounds. A man may read a book and say that while he is reading it he does not hear the noise of buses, motor-horns, newsboy cries, the wind in the chimney, and the rain on the window-pane; but the instruments prove that he hears them all.

Far from resting in his chair, he is putting forth tremendous nervous energy not to hear the clamorous sounds of a modern city.

Fortunes await all those who can rob the modern city of its roar. Let the inventor dream of a silent factory and an office that is as still as a greenwood in summer. The medical correspondent of The Times declares that Londoners suffer far more than they know from the incessant assaults of noise on the drums of their ears, and adds that "pure air, sunlight, and silence are a trinity of great healers."

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

When Do Tits Begin to Build?

Most of the tits begin building in April; the long-tailed tit in March.

What, Beside Ant Eggs, Can Goldfish be Fed On?

Finely crushed vermicelli, which should be put into the tank sparingly.

Of What Use Are Snakes?

If this means of what use to men, the answer probably is that they are useful in keeping down other creatures that might become great pests.

Have Lions Ribs Like Human Beings?

All mammals have ribs attached to the backbone, and enclosing a space in which the various organs, like the heart, lungs, and stomach, are protected.

Does an Ostrich Sit on Its Eggs?

Sometimes, with its breast resting upon the sand in which the eggs are laid, a hollow being scooped out for the purpose. But the hatching is done principally by the heat of the sun.

Is it Cruel to Take a Baby Bird from a Nest and Keep it in a Cage?

Wild birds are rarely happy in cages, even if taken young, and in any case to remove young from the nest is cruel to the parents. Only birds whose parents and grandparents lived in cages should be kept in this way.

How Long Does an Eagle Live?

No one can say with certainty, but eagles in captivity have lived over a hundred years. At Vienna a golden eagle in the Royal Park reached 104, and one caught in Norway in 1829 lived in England for 75 years, laying 90 eggs during its last thirty years of life.

What is the World's Average Birth-rate for a Year?

The population for 1921 is given as 1700 millions, and in 1886 it was 1483 millions, so that the average for 35 years would be just over six millions a year. For the previous twelve years it was over seven millions.

What is a Male Hawk Called?

The male hawk used in falconry in olden times was the male peregrine falcon, and was called a tiercel, or tiercelet. The name is derived from a Latin word meaning a thirdlet, from an idea that every third egg of the falcon produced a male.

Does a Stick Insect Moult?

The curious creatures known as stick insects go through the usual forms of insects—egg, larva, pupa, which differs scarcely at all from the larva and imago, or perfect insect. In some cases the larva changes its skin several times, and if it loses a leg by violence a new though smaller leg will grow.

What is the Difference Between the Songs of the Mavis and Missel-Thrush?

The missel-thrush's song is loud, wild, and disconnected, with the call-note "tuc" repeated several times, and an angry screech when the bird is alarmed. The mavis, or song-thrush, also has a loud song, but it is inspiriting though somewhat monotonous from constant repetition of certain notes. It has been likened to the words, "How d'ye do; bo-peep; Judy; pretty Dick." The call-note sounds like "chick," and the bird screams when alarmed.

Have Animals a Sense of Fear?

No one who has seen a pigeon about to be crushed by a python or a rabbit soon to be caught by a stoat can doubt that there is animal fear. The whole question is dealt with very fully in an interesting and well-illustrated article in the new number of the C.N. monthly—My Magazine for May—now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

SATURN & HIS RINGS

TINY BODIES REVOLVING ROUND A PLANET

Where to Look in the Night Sky

A WORLD IN MINIATURE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Saturn continues to be a prominent feature of the night sky, being now visible as soon as it is dusk in the south-east above Jupiter and to the right.

He appears a little brighter than last year, for his wonderful encircling rings have opened out a little, and possessors of telescopes are now able to get a view of their northern "surface." Though they seem to have a surface it has been proved that these rings are composed of innumerable minute bodies, or particles, revolving around the planet in unending streams, and so they appear to us as continuous rings of light.

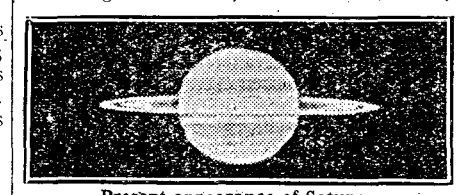
These rings are of different degrees of brilliance, the third, or inner, ring being quite dusky, and becoming almost imperceptible near the planet. Obviously, these revolving particles, which have been likened to little moons, are less numerous here; indeed, the ball of the planet can be seen through this ring, which has been called the crape ring.

Making a Model

Those who have no opportunity of seeing Saturn through a telescope should construct a simple model.

A small ball, say two inches in diameter, should be used to represent Saturn. For the rings a sheet of very thin card or stiff paper will be the most practicable, though this is, in proportion, much too thick, for the diameter of Saturn's globe from north pole to south is 69,770 miles, while his rings are barely 50 miles thick, his globe thus being nearly 1400 times the thickness of the rings.

We cut a circular disc 4⅜ inches wide, which represents the full width of the rings, about 172,000 miles; then,



Present appearance of Saturn

with compasses we make a circle, 2¼ inches in diameter, in the centre of the disc. This leaves a band all round it 1⅛ inches wide, representing 42,000 miles.

Now we will divide up this band with ink into the three rings. Mark the main division between the two bright rings with a black line nearly a sixteenth of an inch wide, representing 2300 miles. This is Cassini's Division, and it should be about a quarter of an inch from the outer rim of the disc. We have thus the outer ring, approximately 11,000 miles wide.

The Crape Ring

The middle and brightest ring will be represented by making a faint line nearly half an inch inside the thick black line. This is supposed to be 18,000 miles. The remaining three-eighths of an inch of card to the inner rim shows the area of the faint crape ring, and should be shaded to black at the inner rim.

Now we cut out the central white portion of the card—that is, 2¼ inches in diameter—and the rings are ready to put round the ball, when it will be found that the inner rim is only an eighth of an inch away from it. This is almost the exact proportion that the inner rim is above Saturn's surface—5000 miles, amazingly close.

The rings may be supported by pins stuck in the ball, and if the model is held some distance away from an artificial light, which represents the Sun, and tilted slightly as in the picture, we shall get a fairly true rendering of this planet as he now appears, including the shadow cast by the rings on Saturn and the shadow of his globe on the rings.

The Earth on the same scale should be a small pea about three-sixteenths of an inch wide.

G. F. M.

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MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of Two Boys Among the Indians

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

Two boys, Clem and Billy Ballard, whose mother is dead and whose father has been unjustly imprisoned for theft, receive mysterious instructions to sail for America.

They set out, and are met at Seattle by Bart Condon, who takes them to a steamer bound for Alaska. On board they hear two men planning to re-stake the gold claim of a fugitive from justice known as the Big Britisher. They discover that these men, Craze and Gurney, intend to follow them when they land, but by Bart's manoeuvring they manage to elude them.

Later, Clem and Billy go out to hunt dogfish. The boat is upset, and the two boys are swept upstream. Making their way back, Clem falls almost on top of a bear.

CHAPTER 12
The Third Class Bear

It was a bigger drop than Billy had supposed, and he came down so heavily that he pitched face forward on the shingle, and lay half stunned. Next thing he knew Clem was kneeling beside him, anxiously asking, "Billy, are you hurt?"

"N-no," gasped Billy. "I'm not hurt, but where's the bear?"

"Gone. When you came down flop like that he simply hooked it."

"Hooked it?" repeated Billy in a bewildered voice. "I thought bears were dangerous."

"This one wasn't. You wouldn't have believed that such a clumsy-looking brute could travel so fast. He simply vanished." He paused. "But, Billy, it was very decent of you to come to help me," he added.

"Shut up, Clem," growled Billy. "We've got to get home."

"I'd like to know how," said Clem ruefully. "Now we've got down this bank it's going to be a sweet job to climb up it again. And I'm just about fed up with that wood. I've a jolly good mind to camp here till daylight."

"Not good enough," replied Billy decidedly. "We're both as wet as can be, and we can't light a fire. We shall only get fever or something nasty of that kind. Come on. It can't be very far."

Billy was so plucky that Clem felt a little ashamed.

"Right you are," he said. "I'll give you a leg up."

Billy got to his feet. To say truth, he felt horribly shaky, and his arm was hurting abominably. But he set his teeth and vowed to himself that, somehow, they would get back.

Clem gave him a back; he grabbed a branch and tried to scramble up the bluff. But the bough broke and let him down. He had another try, and this time got hold of a thick tuft of grass, only to have the whole thing come out by the roots and drop him once more on the shingle.

"I've half a mind to do as you say and chuck it, Clem," he said at last. "There doesn't seem to be any foothold."

"We can't, Billy," replied Clem gravely.

"Why not, I should like to know?"

"Because the tide is still rising, and in about half an hour all this shingle will be under water."

"That settles it then," grumbled Billy. "You——" He stopped short and flung up one hand. "Listen!" he cried.

"Hi-yah! Halloa!"

The shout came ringing faintly up the river out of the darkness, and both boys spun round and stared breathlessly in the direction from which the sound came.

"Hi-yah!" came the call again, and Clem managed to collect his scattered senses and answer. His ringing "Halloa!" sent the echoes flying weirdly up the steep hillside among the giant trees.

"It's Bart," said Billy sharply. "What luck!"

There was a splash of paddles, and soon the shape of a canoe paddled by two Indians came shooting up at a great pace. Billy thought that the sound of her bows grating on the shingle was the pleasantest he had ever heard.

"You all right?" questioned Bart, as the boys came clambering in, and both of them could plainly hear the anxiety in his tone.

"Right as rain," answered Clem, "only Billy got stung by something. But Sam—is Sam safe?"

"Sam's all right. Trouble was the tide swept him right across the other side of the river and it was an hour before any one heard him shouting. Where did you boys land?"

They told him, while the two Indian paddlers drove the canoe swiftly back down the river.

It was but a very few minutes before they were safe on the wharf again, where they were met by Joe Western. He took them straight to the house, and made them each take five grains of quinine washed down by big mugs of steaming hot coffee. Then they had to tell their story all over again.

"Stung, was you?" said Joe. "No, it warn't no snake. I reckon it were that 'devil's club.' Let me see. Ay, that's it. Like nettle only a sight worse, but I guess I got some stuff as'll take the pain out."

He went to a shelf, took down a bottle, and, putting some of the contents on a rag, applied it to Billy's hand and arm.

"Why, it's wonderful!" exclaimed Billy. "It's taking all the pain away. But, I say, I didn't tell you we met a bear."

"Met a bear!" repeated Joe. "What sort was he?"

"He didn't stop to tell us," said Billy. "He simply cleared out."

Joe burst into a great laugh.

"I reckon he was only a third-class bear," he chuckled. "But it might ha' been different if you'd met his big brother."

"Tell us," begged Billy.

"Not tonight, son. You get right to bed. I'll tell ye tomorrow, and maybe I can show ye one in the daylight."

CHAPTER 13
More About Bears

"What's the barrel for?" demanded Billy.

It was three days later, and Joe Western and Bart, together with the two boys, were tramping up a steep, narrow trail through the woods, while Joe was carrying on his great shoulder an empty molasses barrel.

Joe laughed.

"All in good time, son. I'm going to try to show ye a bear."

That was all the boys could get out of him, and anyhow they had not much breath left for asking questions, for the path they were following was somewhat steeper than the roof of a house. It wound up the hillside among trunks of trees which were the biggest Clem and Billy had ever seen.

They were cedar and Douglas fir, and towered fully two hundred feet toward the blue sky. Some of the stems were so huge that it would have taken five grown men to encircle them with outstretched arms.

What utterly amazed the boys was that now and then hummingbirds flashed like living jewels above the tangled undergrowth, while other birds, that looked like canaries, flitted in front of them. And yet they were farther north than the most northern point of Scotland.

At last, very hot and very blown, they got to more open ground above the heaviest belt of forest.

"Guess I've carried this here barrel about far enough," remarked Joe, and dumped it down just on the edge of the steepest part of the slope and under cover of a low-spreading birch tree. Then he walked straight on without offering any explanation. His long legs covered the ground at a great pace, and Clem and Billy were both grateful when at last he stopped close to a big tree and pointed to the trunk.

"See anything, Billy?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Billy, staring with interest at the tree. "The bark's all torn."

"My word, that was a big one, Joe," said Bart, in his quiet way.

"A big what?" asked Clem.

"A big bear"—he pronounced it "bar."

"You don't tell me that was a bear?" exclaimed Clem. "Why, the bark's clawed up to a height of ten or eleven feet."

"It was a bear all right, son," said Joe. "What I calls a first-class bear."

"It must be a giant," said Billy, in an awed voice.

"What we calls a silver tip," explained Bart. "Grizzly's the name the books give him. We get 'em mighty big here. Some of 'em are as large as an ox and a sight heavier."

The boys could not answer. They only stared at the clawed trunk.

"Then there's second-class bears," said Joe. "Them's the cinnamons, and cunning chaps they are. The third-class is the brown bears, same as you met t'other night. But sit yourselves down," he continued. "We'll rest a while, and eat."

He took a packet of sandwiches from his pocket. They were of baking-powder bread with cold fried bacon and mustard inside, and very good indeed. While they ate he told them more about bears.

"The Injins calls the bear his brother," he said, "and there's one thing you boys have got to remember. If you're in camp with Injins, don't you go mentioning 'bear.' It ain't good manners, according to the Injin way of thinking. You can talk of Mister Fur Jacket or anything o' that sort, but don't say bear."

"But if we meet a grizzly, what do we do?" asked Billy.

"Walk right on and don't take no notice. Unless he's mighty hungry or got mad about something he's not a-going to hurt you."

Billy stared. He had always supposed that wild beasts went for you on sight.

"Same with all the rest o' the wild things," continued Joe. "They won't meddle with man unless they're in bad need of food. Only don't you leave your stores unguarded, for that's Mister Bear's chance, and he'll eat 'em all."

He stopped, and the boys saw that he was listening keenly. Suddenly he jumped up.

"I said I'd show you a bear. Come right along. But quiet now. Don't you make a noise. Watch where you set your feet."

It was the boys' first lesson in woodcraft, and neither had ever had a notion how difficult it was to walk quietly until they tried to imitate Bart and Joe Western.

Joe led straight back to the spot where they had left the sugar barrel, then motioned them to a hiding-place among some shrubs. He pointed, and through a little opening the boys saw the oddest sight imaginable.

CHAPTER 14
As Mad as a Burned Cat

A bear, a great big beast that must have weighed four or five hundred pounds, was busy with the barrel. He had turned it over on its side, and was lying by it, with his head right inside, licking the sides of it. They could hear him smacking his lips and grunting delightedly. He was evidently enjoying himself.

Gradually, as they watched, he worked farther and farther in, until his head and shoulders and forepaws were all inside the barrel. A very tight fit it was, but Mister Bear didn't seem to care. He was having the time of his life.

Now, the barrel, as has been mentioned, had been left on a little ledge with a very steep slope below it. The bear, in his efforts to get the last lick of molasses from the bottom, had at last wedged half his body into the barrel, and in doing so had managed to turn the barrel right round so that the butt of it projected over the lower side of the ledge. But he, of course, could not see his danger.

All of a sudden the barrel went over the edge. The poor bear was far too tightly packed inside it to get out in time, and he went with it. Next instant barrel and bear were rolling downhill, spinning like a catherine wheel.

Joe Western burst into a great roar of laughter.

"Did you ever see the like of that, Bart?" he asked.

Bart's face was one great grin.

"I never did, Joe. Say, let's see where he lands up."

Next minute all four were running helter-skelter down the hill in track of barrel and bear. For a wonder, this part of the slope, though steep, was fairly smooth, and they were just in time to see bear and barrel strike a patch of scrub fifty feet below and go through it like a shell.

"Gee, but old bear must be getting dizzy!" chuckled Bart as he went striding down the hillside. "Billy," he shouted, "don't you go too far ahead. That beast'll be madder than a burned cat when he gets loose again"

Billy didn't hear. He was ever so far ahead, racing along, jumping everything in his path. Clem was close behind him. Below the scrub was another descent, ending in a sheer drop of ten or fifteen feet. The barrel and the bear wheeled down the slope at dizzy speed.

"Clem, he'll be killed!" shrieked Billy, as he saw the barrel whizzing toward the edge of the drop.

"So will you, if you don't stop," yelled back Clem, flinging himself flat on the ground.

Billy would never have been able to stop if it had not been for a small tree that he was able to grab hold of. The barrel reached the edge of the little cliff, hurtled through the air, fell with a crash upon the hard ground fifty feet away, and instantly went to splinters. Staves flew in every direction forming a sort of rainbow round the unfortunate bear.

Billy, gazing with all eyes, was amazed to see the bear pick himself up and stand, shaking his head in a muddled sort of fashion, yet seemingly very little the worse.

"Lie down, Billy!" came Bart's voice behind him, curt and sharp, and Billy dropped like a flash. "He's mad as a hornet," muttered Bart. "He'll go for anything as moves."

And just then something did move. Out of the trees not twenty yards below where the bear was standing a man appeared—a white man who wore knee boots, blue jeans, and a dark shirt.

"Look out!" yelled Bart.

It was too late. With a deep, rumbling growl, the bear lowered his pig-like head and charged straight at the stranger.

TO BE CONTINUED



£50 For Colouring a Picture of Gainsborough's BLUE BOY

Buy MY MAGAZINE for May, and colour the outline tracing of Gainsborough's BLUE BOY which is given inside every copy. The cover shows this famous picture in full colours, and £50 will be awarded for the best attempt at copying it made by anyone under 17. Fifty consolation prizes of £1 each also offered.

For full particulars see

MY MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE 1/-

Five-Minute Story

The Globe

It was Blake who made the discovery. He had gone to the class-room to fetch something or other, and returned with the dire news that someone had knocked over the large globe of the world that stood on Mr. Furnival's desk and smashed it to atoms.

"It's a half-holiday, too, so unless the boy who did it owns up we shall all be kept in," said Smithers.

"And as we are playing a match—" began Blake.

"Whoever did it," interrupted Grayson, the leader of the Fourth Form, "has got to confess, for the honour of the form."

No one stood forward, so Grayson ranged us all with our backs to the wall, and began:

"Did you do it? Did you do it?"

He went right down the line, and got the same answer, "No!" from every boy.

Grayson was angry now.

"I'll give the chap who did it another chance to confess!" he said sternly. "Whoever it was knows perfectly well that we shall all be kept away from the match, and as five of our fellows are playing it means that the game is as good as lost already if he doesn't own up. I'll go down the line again."

Again he got the same answer in every case. For myself, I thought Barker stammered a bit when he answered "No!" but Johnson, my chum, thought that Blake was the culprit.

"He jolly well found it," he whispered to me. "And there's a proverb something about he who broke it knows where to find it."

And now old Grayson began to hit out.

"One fellow in this form," he said bitterly, "is a cad! He is also a coward! Other forms have been penalised because one of the boys was a coward, but up to now the Fourth has held a clean record. Now——" He paused. "Well, we must take our punishment, that's all."

Five minutes after we had filed into our places Mr. Furnival entered the class-room.

We all held our breath as he walked straight up to where the globe lay in pieces.

Grayson leapt to his feet.

"I'm sorry to say, sir," he said, going straight to the point, "that every boy in the form denies having broken it."

Mr. Furnival glanced round at us curiously.

"Is that so?" he inquired.

"That is so, sir," said Grayson. "Because one boy is too cowardly to own up we must all lose the half-day."

"That, of course, is the rule," said Mr. Grayson slowly. "But I'm afraid you jumped too hastily to a conclusion, Grayson."

"You mean you will not stop the half-day, sir?"

"I will not, Grayson."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

"You see, I accidently knocked that globe over myself this morning."

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The Heart's Mirth Makes a Cheerful Face

Dr MERRYMAN

MRS. DE SMYTHE: "We had a lovely time last night. We had a box at the theatre."

MRS. DE BROWNE: "Yes? Chocolates, weren't they? We saw you in the gallery eating something."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHY is a horse that is constantly being ridden, but never fed, not at all likely to starve?

Because it usually has a bit in its mouth.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Problem of the Newspapers

A MOTOR delivery van carried five thousand newspapers and had to call at four different towns.

At the first town a number of papers were left, at the second town twice that number, three times the first number were left at the third town, and four times the first number at the fourth, leaving the van empty.

How many newspapers were delivered at each town? *Solution next week*

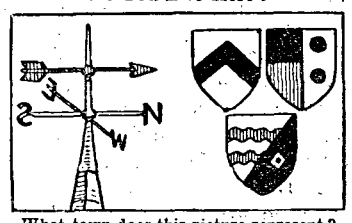
⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHY does a country which loses its king lose more than a king who loses his country?

Because the country loses a sovereign, but the king loses only a crown.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Do You Live Here?



What town does this picture represent? *Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHY is a grain of wheat like an acorn?

Because it's a corn.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Matter of Taste

WHEN Millicent went to the Zoo
She stopped to inquire, "Who are you?"
Of an animal there,
And it said, "I'm a bear,
But I can't bear cold mutton, can you?"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Railways as Old as Solomon

WHEN asked by her teacher, "In whose reign do we first hear of railways?" a little girl replied, "In Solomon's."

She was asked to think again, but persisted in her original statement, and the teacher then inquired why she thought so.

"Because," replied the little girl, "we are told in the Bible that the Queen of Sheba went to Jerusalem with a very great train."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡



The Escapades of Johnny Crock

SAID Johnny Crock to Mr. Bull,
"I'd like to roar like you."
Said Mr. Bull, "Why don't you try?
It would be something new."
So Johnny opened wide his mouth,
And gave an awful roar,
That frightened Mr. Bull so much
That down the street he tore.

A Slippery Diet

THERE was an old man of Calcutta
Who bought twenty pounds of fresh butter.
When he'd eaten it all
He felt himself fall
Right on to his back in the gutter.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Peal That Did Not Appeal



GRANDPAPA BROWNIE: "Stop swinging on that bluebell, you young rascal. You make more noise than a dozen muffin men!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Do You Know Me?

WITH all things I'm found, yet to nothing belong;
Though a stranger to crowds, yet I'm still in a throng;
And though foreign to music and all its soft powers,
In songs and in epigrams, ladies, I'm yours;
Though a friend to true glory, I'm ne'er in renown,
Though no kingdom's without me, I hold not a crown;
Both with kings and with beggars my birthright I claim,
But enough has been told to discover my name. *Answer next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHICH letter of the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old lady?

A: because it makes her hear.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Good Memory

AN old servant was noted for her wonderful memory, and her mistress, duly impressed, asked her how she accounted for it.

"I've never told a falsehood in my life, mum," was the somewhat startling reply; "and as I never have to remember what I have said before for fear of being found out, my memory has never been overworked and it is still as good as new."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Is Your Name Harper?

IF your name is Harper, possibly one of your ancestors played the harp, and the description of him as a musician gradually became the surname of his family. But this is not necessarily the origin of the name in all cases. The name may sometimes have originated in a man's business sign being a harp in the days when all shops were known by a sign instead of a number in the street. This gradually developed into the man being known among his neighbours as Harper.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Jack's Problem

The numbers were 8, 12, 5, and 20. $8 + 2 = 10$; $12 - 2 = 10$; $5 \times 2 = 10$; $20 \div 2 = 10$.

What Am I? News-paper

Puzzle Birds Waxwing and Wheatear

Who Was He?

The Famous Bishop was St. Augustine of Hippo.

Jacko Caught at Last

JACKO thought no end of himself when the piano was really on board.

He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and gazed proudly at his arms.

"There's muscle for you!" he said, with a grin.

The piano man didn't seem to think much of it.

"If you're going to get to Aylford tonight," he said, pulling a pipe out of his pocket, "you'd better get a move on."

"All right," said Jacko soothingly. "I'm off."

Unfortunately he stepped back on Toby's foot. The poor dog cried out, and it was just then, when he turned to pat him, that he caught sight of a little crowd of people hurrying along the tow path.

"Coo!" he said. "They seem in a mighty hurry!"

But the piano man was staring at the barge.

"You've got a tidy cargo there," he said. "If you take much more on board you'll sink her."

"No fear," said Jacko. "Splendid little boat this! Sound as a drum!"

"Water's coming in anyway," squeaked Horace, unexpectedly. "Old boat's leaking. Got cold feet."

Jacko looked hurriedly down, and wondered he hadn't cold feet too, for he was standing in a pool of water.

"Pooh! That's nothing! Soon bale it out!"

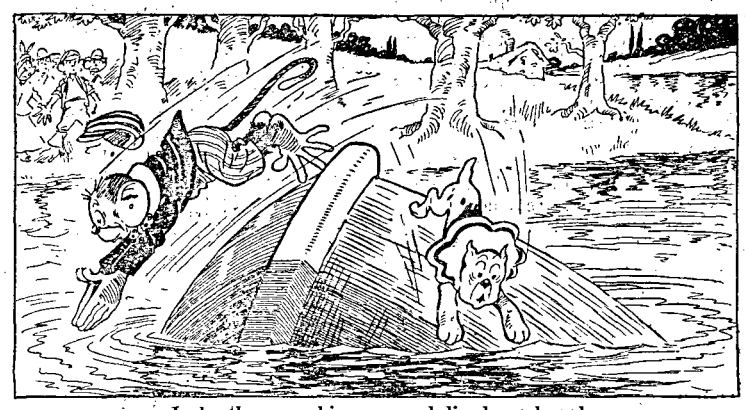
But while he was searching for something to bale with he heard angry voices. The little crowd had come nearer, and were shouting and waving their arms and behaving in a most extraordinary fashion. As Jacko stared he recognised them.

"Help!" he muttered. "That looks like the coal man!"

It was the coal man.

"Great Scott!" said Jacko. "And that's Mrs. Flourbags!"

It was Mrs. Flourbags. And with her was the parrot lady and



Jacko threw up his arms and dived overboard

the Punch and Judy man, and somebody else whom Jacko didn't know. But he soon introduced himself.

"You young scoundrel!" he cried, pushing in front of the others and shaking his fist at the astonished Jacko. "What do you mean by going off with my barge like that?"

"You bad boy!" cried the lady who had given him the flour bags. "How dare you deceive me like that?"

"And what have you done with my Punch and Judy show?" demanded another voice.

The coal man said nothing. He was twisting his neck into contortions trying to count his bags.

"Hallo, Mother!" shouted Horace. "Are you there?"

"Yes, my lamb," cried a shrill voice. "Has that brute dared to ill-treat you?"

All this time the "brute" said never a word. He was doing his utmost to get far out into the middle of the canal. He did not like the look of things at all.

Suddenly the parrot lady began to scream at the top of her voice. "Look!" she shrieked. "The barge! It's sinking!"

It was. The poor, brave old thing had done its best; it could stand no more. The grand piano had proved too much for it. It flung up its arms, so to speak, and sank.

Jacko turned pale, threw up *his* arms, and dived overboard.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

To Help the Blind

Those men, blinded in the war, who have learned to type have now the use of a very helpful invention.

It is a machine which stamps raised letters on to a tape, and the matter to be typed can be quickly prepared in Braille for the blind man, who can then read for himself without having someone to dictate to him.

Pour les Aveugles

Les hommes, devenus aveugles à la guerre, qui ont appris à se servir de la machine à écrire, ont actuellement à leur service une invention très utile.

C'est une machine qui poinçonne des caractères en relief sur un ruban, et l'on peut rapidement préparer en Braille la copie destinée à la machine, de sorte que l'aveugle peut la lire lui-même sans qu'on ait besoin de la lui dicter.

Tales Before Bedtime

See-Saw

THE workmen were in the house, making what Cook called "a horrible mess."

The children loved it. With carpets up, and meals first in one room and then in another, nobody took much notice of dirty boots and untidy hair.

Even lessons received little attention. Miss Gibbs hated being turned out of the orderly schoolroom, and it was such a job to find a quiet corner for herself and her pupils that at last Mother said:

"I think you had better give them a holiday for a few days."

Jack and Babs shrieked with delight and dashed into the garden.

The first thing they saw was a great plank that the workmen had laid on the lawn.

"What a topping thing for a see-saw!" exclaimed Jack.

And Babs said:

"But what can we set it upon?"

Jack thought of the wood cellar, and there they found a great log the very size and height they wanted.

They dragged it on to the lawn, and set the plank across it. And then they sprang on together in the middle, and wriggled and wriggled till they got to the ends.

"Isn't it fine?" cried Jack, giving a bound that sent him high up in the air.

"Look out!" exclaimed Babs. "If you jerk like that you'll send me off!"

But Jack wouldn't listen. The next minute he gave another bound. Down he went, and up flew Babs.

It startled her so that she lost her balance and fell off.

With a scream she crashed into a great pot of paint. As she fell she tipped it up, and



"Isn't it fine?" cried Jack

out it came, flowing over her in a horrid, sticky stream, dyeing her hands and her frock a bright emerald green.

It was hours before she got rid of it. But she was a little brick about it. No one knew that it was all Jack's fault; and Jack was so grateful that the next time they played cricket he let her bat the whole afternoon.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

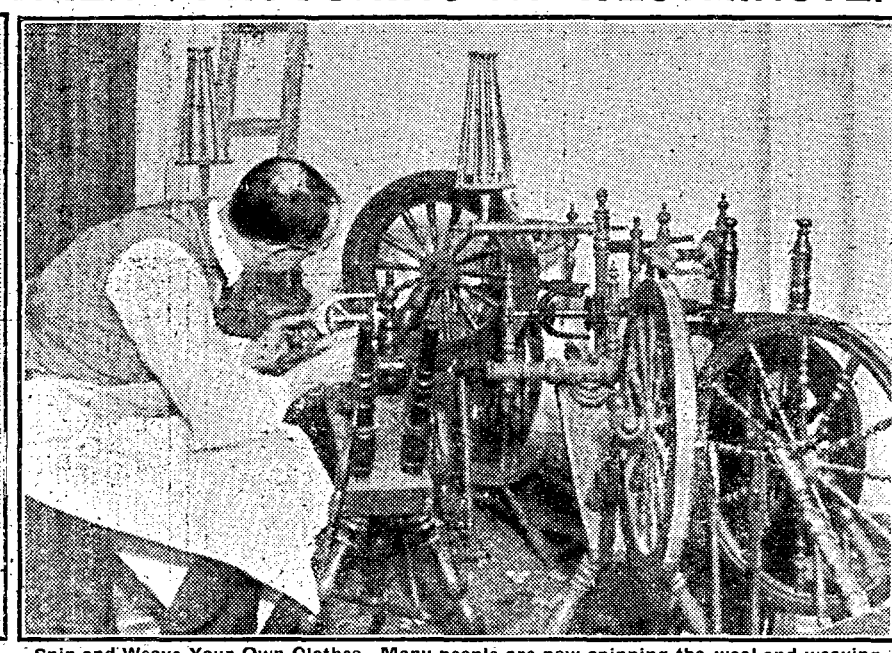
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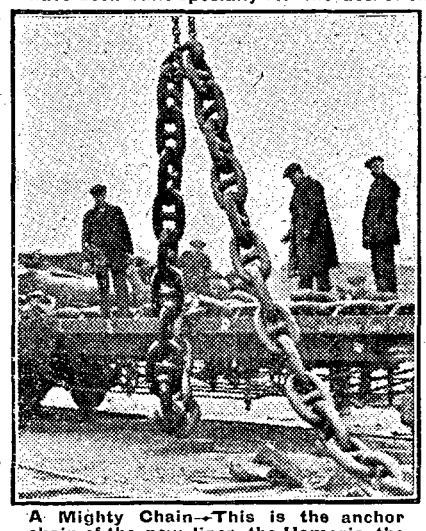
BADGER IN LONDON · WOMAN TOWN-CRIER · PLOUGHING AT WESTMINSTER



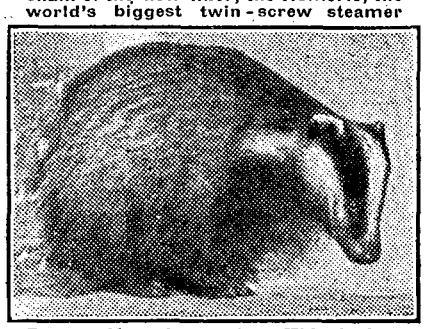
Rowing Boats for Boys and Girls—Many ponds in London parks are being turned into boating centres for boys and girls, and miniature boats, like that shown in the picture, have been built specially for the use of children. They are quite safe and easy to row



Spin and Weave Your Own Clothes—Many people are now spinning the wool and weaving the cloth for their own clothes, and makers of the old-fashioned spinning-wheels are doing a thriving business. This photograph was taken in a spinning-wheel factory in London



A Mighty Chain—This is the anchor chain of the new liner, the Homeric, the world's biggest twin-screw steamer



Badger Hunt in London—This badger escaped from the Zoo, and was only re-captured in a net after an exciting hunt by policemen and Zoo keepers. See page 8



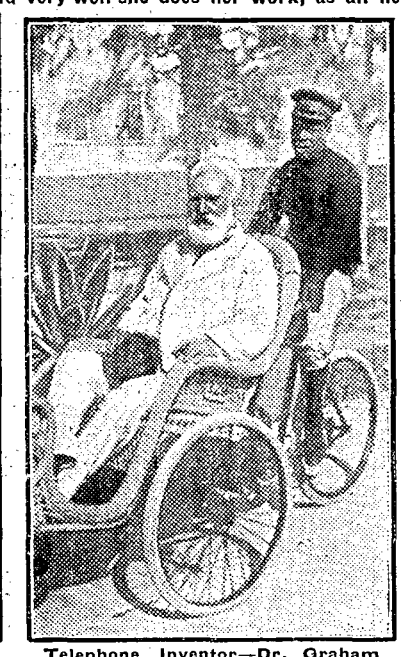
Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!—A number of old-fashioned towns in England still have their town-crier, who begins his announcements with the old French cry "Oyez!" meaning Listen! One town, however, Chertsey, in Surrey, has a woman town-crier, shown in the picture in her official dress, and very well she does her work, as all her fellow townsmen agree



Smoke Helmets for Firemen—The firemen of London who enter burning premises wear protective smoke helmets similar to that shown in the picture



Ploughing Near Westminster Abbey—We do not expect to see the plough at work in London, but this picture shows men ploughing in the playground of Westminster School under the very shadow of the Abbey, which was once surrounded by its own pastures and farm lands



Telephone Inventor—Dr. Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, going for a ride near his American home. His house has no telephone



Collecting the Eggs—Eggs have been plentiful and cheap lately, large supplies having come from the home farms and from abroad. Here we see a lady poultry farmer in Devon on her morning round collecting the eggs. Judging by the bucket, her hens have been laying very well

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